The Nation.

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The Week.

Into his formal speech presenting his letter of credence as British Ambassador, Mr. Bryce injected a characterization of the American people. He is, of course, aware that he is as truly an Ambassador to them as to our Government. Speaking as if directly to them, he said that he had learned to appreciate their "devotion to the cause of moral and social progress," and their "passionate desire to make the lives of the people worthy of the material blessings which Providence has bestowed upon them with so bountiful a hand." This was not intended as empty compliment. Mr. Bryce would not stoop to that. It is to be taken, rather, as the deliberate estimate of a calm observer who has had the advantage, in studying America, of both intimate acquaintance and a distant perspective. He had satisfied himself as to the evidence upon which his judgment was based. For our part, we believe that Mr. Bryce has accurately hit off the motive and aim, as distinguished from actual achievement, of the political and social agitation of the day in this country. They sweep up into themselves much that is unworthy, much that is blind and false and selfish; but on the whole, they do witness to a dominant desire for betterment in all humane ways. Whatever of compliment there may be in Mr. Bryce's remarks; it is directed to our purpose and the goal of our striving, and so should fill us, not so much with complacency, as with fresh resolve.

Comparison of the Dominican treaty, ratified by the Senate on Monday, with the corresponding treaty upon which President Roosevelt told the Senate, on February 15, 1905, that there was "urgent need of prompt action," shows that the two documents are radically different. What Mr. Roosevelt proposed two years ago was, practically, a protectorate over Santo Domingo; now the United States is simply to name a "General Receiver of Dominican Customs." In the treaty of 1905, it was set forth: "The United States Government agrees to attempt the adjustment of all the obligations of the Dominican Government, foreign as well as domestic." The treaty of to-day starts out by reciting that "the Dominican Government has now effected a conditional adjustment and settlement of said debts and claims." The ambitious plan of Mr. Roosevelt two years ago was to "grant" to the Dominican Government "such other assistance as the former [*i. e.*, the Government of the United States] may deem proper to restore the credit, preserve the order, increase the efficiency of the civil administration, and advance the material progress and welfare of the Dominican Republic." All that perilous stuff has now been stricken out. So much for intelligent discussion.

If anything were needed further to discredit the ship-subsidy bill in Congress, it would be this trick of holding it back until the very last days of the session. Evidently, there is to be an effort to whip it through at the final moment, with all sorts of dubious agreements and hidden jobs coming out of the conference between the two houses, and struggling for acceptance in the clamor and confusion of the dying hours of Congress. There is large and weighty Republican opposition to the bill, which bids fair to be able to strike out some of its inexcusable features, if not to defeat it entirely, when the vote comes on Friday. We hope the stoutest kind of fight will be made, in both House and Senate. The bill is pushed under the most suspicious patronage—may be described, in a word, as the last despairing effort of the subsidy-jobbers, headed by Gen. Grosvenor, with less than a week of official life before him. If ever there was a measure which sober and honest Republicans, with an eye to the future of their party, should oppose uncompromisingly, it is this proposal to pay a subsidy of $700,000 a year to J. J. Hill and E. H. Harriman.

Our happy-go-lucky way of making up the national budget was illustrated last Thursday, when Chairman Tawney implored the House to be "patriotic" and not swell the appropriations so enormously. He forgot that the real patriotism is to go in for the old flag and an appropriation. He is, however, justifiably alarmed by the totals already in sight. On his own showing, Congress will have appropriated upwards of $1,000,000,000 for the fiscal year 1907-08. And Mr. Tawney warned the House that the revenues must not only remain at their present abnormally high level, but must actually rise higher, if there is not to be a deficit. He said that the chances were in favor of a deficit of $100,000,000 by the close of the fiscal year 1908. That would fall just after the Presidential nominations had been made, and could scarcely be thought a good Republican campaign argument. But the appeals of the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations fall upon deaf ears, so long as he has no real power to enforce them. With one set of men to raise the revenue, and quite another to spend it, coördination between our national income and outgo is not to be expected. We have floundered along for years with this Micawber system, which has not yet brought us to bankruptcy; but some day we shall have to follow the practice of other nations and have an actual budget—revenue carefully provided and expense regulated to fit it by a single authority.

There were twenty-eight Senators who voted to unseat Senator Smoot in spite of the fact that he was not a polygamist or an apologist for polygamy, and ten of them belonged to his own party. That was really more than the proponents of so weak a case had a right to expect. The simple fact was that an application of the reasoning on which the anti-Smoot agitation was based, to matters other than religious, would have created havoc in the Senate membership. If a man is disqualified for Senatorial honors by serving on a church governing board with polygamists, what was to be said of Senators who sit on boards of directors along with reputed corruptionists and financial pirates, or others who have taken orders from irresponsible bosses? The Mormon Senator has nearly completed the fourth year of his term, but the decision of last week quiets any anxiety as to the remaining two.

Prof. Hannis Taylor, in an address, "The Relation of the South to Pending Problems," delivered at Johns Hopkins on Washington's Birthday, made a notable plea for the bestowal of suffrage upon colored men as they become qualified by education or property, or both. Many other well-wishers of the negro in the Southern States advocate this plan. Only in a very few communities, however, is the educated and property-owning negro welcomed at the polls. Many of the leaders of the race do not dare to go to the booths for fear lest something happen to them or their property. Yet, as Professor Taylor says, intelligent and responsible minorities could never menace the political superiority of the white race. He speaks of the whites as being "endowed with a genius for domination." When demagogues like Hoke Smith insist upon the necessity of total disfranchisement, many people feel that the white race in the South has no confidence in its genius for domination. But whether the whites fear the latent possibilities of the negro or not, it is refreshing when an intellectual Southerner like Hannis Taylor calls for the suffrage for the qualified, and urges "an earnest effort to advance through

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public education." Just now in the far South there is a fixed determination on the part of the States to do nothing more for the schools of the colored—even if, as in Atlanta to-day, one in every three colored children must roam the streets for lack of school sittings.

Our announced policy of excluding the Japanese seems based on the assumption that the American intellect has become Dingleyized. What we mean may be seen by comparing Japan's way of fronting the modern world, and our own. The marvellous story of Japanese progress during the past fifty years is essentially that of a nation stripping to meet the competition of all comers. Japan sent her sons abroad to suck the learning and the science of foreign nations. From Germany and France and England and the United States they brought back the best they could anywhere find. And at home they threw their doors wide to foreigners. Any stranger who could show them any new thing, or do for them any useful work, was welcome—were it building railroads, or setting up a postal system, or introducing modern methods into their universities. Her old theory of a shut-in and jealously guarded national existence once abandoned, Japan turned with amazing energy and success to the task of beating "civilized" nations with their own weapons. To the Japanese mind, the way to win is to be more efficient, more painstaking, more resourceful, more enduring than your rivals. The idea of asking odds, or demanding a handicap, in the shape of legislation discriminating against foreigners, is to the intellect of a modern Japanese equivalent to giving up the contest in advance, admitting that the struggle is too hard for your feeble thews. Contrast with this the strengthening tendency of our politicians and legislators to cry out at everything foreign, to feel or feign alarm at the thought of Americans having to stand up and match their brains with the best that the world can show. For that is what all these schemes of "protection" amount to—an admission that we cannot hold our own, that we are too dull or lazy or selfish to bestir ourselves and make our products as good and cheap as any that can be made anywhere. The labor unions would build a wall of exclusion about themselves, to prevent their efficiency from being tested by that of free labor, and would club or kill any workingman who tries to climb over it. This is the unworthy and shrinking spirit which comes to the front in all this outcry, artificially worked up, for Japanese exclusion. We crave an unfair advantage in the struggle. If anybody is too "efficient" for us, we propose to shut him out.

In a speech at the Harvard Union last Saturday President Roosevelt heartily defended rough sports in general and football in particular. The topic was a delicate one to handle because the Harvard Overseers now have under consideration the whole question of intercollegiate contests. Moreover, President Eliot's objection to football and to other games in which there is a strong temptation to be brutal or tricky is well known. President Roosevelt declares that he does not want to see Harvard "turn out mollycoddles." The proposal to abolish football he curtly characterizes as "simple nonsense, a mere confession of weakness." He adds:

> We cannot afford to turn out of college men who shrink from physical effort or from a little physical pain. In any republic courage is a prime necessity for the average citizen if he is to be a good citizen, and he needs physical courage no less than moral courage, the courage that dares as well as the courage that endures, the courage that will fight valiantly alike against the foes of the soul and the foes of the body. Athletics are good, especially in their rougher forms, because they tend to develop such courage.

We may remind President Roosevelt, however, that physical valor antedates football. It is easier to face an enemy in the heat and exaltation of battle than to face the knife of the surgeon. Yet every year thousands of women who have had no experience of brutality or even roughness walk unflinchingly into the Valley of the Shadow. It is not practice in throttling and kicking that nerves their tender souls for the ordeal. And does President Roosevelt remember the solemn inscriptions on the walls of Memorial Hall? There is the muster-roll of hundreds of Harvard youth, who, when their country called, gladly laid down their lives on Southern battlefield, in hospital, and in prison. It was the heroism of these very men of Harvard which first brought home to Carlyle the ideals for which the North poured out its blood. And does any one suppose that in such a crisis men's hearts were of the pitiful stuff that needs to be steeled by the roughness of a boy's game? Every name on those marble tablets is a protest against that superficial view.

President Roosevelt's recommendation that the Lee Centennial should be marked by the establishment of a memorial to Lee at some representative Southern institution of learning, has, of course, been received with enthusiasm throughout the South. The spectacle of a Northern President urging a memorial to the "Traitor Lee" of 1861 is by itself sufficiently remarkable. But Southern writers are to-day realizing that Lee was even greater after the war than during it, and have come to recognize the immense service he rendered when he mounted Traveller, his old war-horse, and rode over the hills to the struggling little Washington College. That growing and vigorous institution, distinguished for freedom of thought and speech, is now Washington and Lee University. Naturally, this place—the scene of Lee's labors and his death—is specially appropriate for the proposed memorial.

The statistics of this country's material output are the commonplaces of our patriotism. We are expected to know our balance of trade at any given moment, as we know the readings of our thermometers. But we are not so well informed as to America's intellectual product. There exists only a general impression that each person who is not illiterate produces something like a book annually. As a matter of fact the last report of the Librarian of Congress in conjunction with the Statistical Abstract, shows that even our output of crude steel has not increased faster than that of copyrighted works of literature and art. The report of the register of copyrights reveals a steady increase in the number of entries of title from 92,978 in 1901-2 to 117,704 in 1905-6, or a growth in five years of 26 per cent. We regret that a short-sighted Government has failed to provide for the proper subdivision of these totals. It ought to be made possible to plot the curve of the historical romance, watch the rise and fall of the nature book, and record the sudden, almost volcanic, eruption and subsidence of the books called "The Something of Somebody," which threatened a few years ago to drive all other titles out of the market. In the year after the last census was taken, one out of every 6,000 persons who could read and write copyrighted a book or pamphlet. Since that time the population may have increased 15 per cent.; the number of books copyrighted has increased 90 per cent. The old reproach that this is not a musical and artistic nation must have been based upon some theorist's notions about quality. We hold up in the face of Paris and Barbizon and Vienna and Bayreuth and all the rest these two triumphant facts: There were more musical compositions copyrighted by Americans last year than works of any other class whatever, while the largest increases in five years—excepting only books—were in the classes of "engravings, cuts, and prints" and "chromos and lithographs" respectively. Many of these increases, of course, merely indicate that new classes of producers, who have been at work without interruption, have found protection in the copyright laws. In other cases—books, for instance—the figures on their face ought to be trustworthy. Their real significance is in the demonstration that so

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much miscellaneous work has been found worth protecting.

In one of his whimsical stories, Stockton described the sensations of the members of a fashionable archery club, trained in all the conventions of their elegant sport, when their annual tournament was won by a competitor who shot with his bow held horizontally opposite his waist-line. That sort of thing happens more frequently in literature than in sport. Writers who pay no attention to the rules of the game persist in hitting the bull's eye of popularity. Just twenty years ago appeared "Mr. Barnes of New York," the first of the "Gunter books." It violated more than literary canons. It did not really have even a publisher, but was printed at the author's expense and circulated through a news company. The meanest critic might riddle every page of it. Yet the book and the play made from it have lived. A million copies have been sold; and it is safe to say that no other American book two decades old can today be bought at any well-regulated railway news-stand. The reasons are not far to seek. Archibald Clavering Gunter, who died last Saturday, gave to the world thirty-nine novels and a half-dozen plays. No man who wrote for a public above that of the dime novel ever insisted more strongly than Mr. Gunter on movement and incident at any cost. Except on the lips of his characters, there is not a past tense between the covers of "Mr. Barnes." Everything *is* happening, and it was the novelist's avowed rule to make something new happen in every five hundred words. Conforming to these principles, a tale might be faulty in a hundred ways, but it could never drag. Of course, it took a man of exceptional gifts to live up to these ideals. Mr. Gunter's ingenuity was astonishing, but it was spent chiefly on plot and incident. Every emotion, passion, and motive is plain as a pikestaff. The heroines are without exception ineffably lovely, the heroes brave and masterful; the comic characters go straight to fun-making. The whole illusion, of which the uninterrupted present tense is the symbol, consists in the conviction that the author himself does not know what is coming. His report seems to be written "page by page," as the events themselves are happening, and before the final outcome is guessed. It has been said that the best description of the bombardment of Alexandria is contained in the opening chapters of "Mr. Potter of Texas." If that be true, it is because the pages read, for all their crudeness, as if the author felt that a stray bombshell might make every sentence his last.

The recent report of the British Royal Commission appointed to investigate the relations of bovine to human tuberculosis confirms the conclusions arrived at earlier by the United States Department of Agriculture. The new experiments show that tubercle bacilli from human beings may give rise, in inoculated cattle, to a condition which appears identical with common bovine tuberculosis. Further, the milk of tuberculous cows causes tuberculosis in apes, and the Commission infers that it might easily do so in children. Thus the investigators, both in the United States and Great Britain, reject the theory advanced by Koch a few years ago, that human and bovine tuberculosis are two distinct diseases, and that neither is transmissible from one species to the other. This subject is of especial interest at present in New York, in view of the projects that are under consideration to insure a pure milk supply. Only two plans have been proposed: One is the inspection of the dairies, and prohibition of the sale of any milk produced in unhygienic surroundings. This plan would confine the milk supply to so-called "model farms." The other proposal is to pasteurize all the milk destined for the city's consumption. This process kills any harmful bacteria present, but does not otherwise correct deficiencies in the quality of the milk. It is evident that while either method is desirable in itself, either would pretty surely result in increasing the price of milk. The burden will be most felt by the poor. Any one acquainted with the ignorance and misery of the tenements will understand the consequences of an increase in the price of milk, Infants will be fed on bread and tea or bread and beer—no uncommon diet for such children—if milk is beyond the means of the parents.

Judged by the cabled summary, Secretary Haldane's plan for the betterment of the British army is by all odds the best of the dozen or so schemes which have been formulated since the Boer war revealed the necessity of a thoroughgoing reorganization. Primarily, he provides the field force of regulars long desired for immediate striking purposes, but in larger numbers than had been hoped—160,000. To this body he would add in war time 80,000 men as a special contingent from the territorial forces. These men are to perform the semi-civilian and detached duties which so greatly weaken an army by drawing from its strength for running ammunition trains, doing railway work, recruiting, etc. Even more striking is the War Minister's proposal to unite all the present auxiliary forces, volunteers, yeomanry, and militia, into one homogeneous body, trained according to regular models and reinforced by regular artillery. Many Secretaries for War and military men have dreamed of something like this; Mr. Haldane is the first to submit a really comprehensive plan. Indubitably, the Secretary will meet with much opposition, perhaps even from the leaders of the volunteers and yeomanry. But now that the taxpayer knows that the principle of voluntary enlistments will be adhered to, and that Mr. Haldane proposes a saving of $10,000,000 in the cost of the regulars, together with greatly increased efficiency, the most influential classes will be on his side.

Orientally benighted Persia persists in showing the way to occidental Russia in the matter of working a new legislative system. From occasional dispatches we learn that there is a good deal of quarrelling and manœuvring at Teheran, but on the whole no more than is to be expected from a healthy young Parliament which must make a trial of its strength. The Shah seems to be acting in good faith. His conduct, indeed, presents a marked contrast to the futile waverings and hesitations of his royal brother, Nicholas II. It is customary to excuse the latter on the ground that the sovereign is helpless when surrounded by a camarilla of self-seeking politicians. Yet the same difficulties confronted the new Shah, who met them with manly resolution. Would not a firm stand by Russia's ruler do away at once with the reactionary camarilla? The first real working Constitution which Islam has known embodies the classic features of every liberal parliamentary system. The Constitution recognizes the sovereign power as vested in the dynasty of the Khajars. The rulers must govern, however, in coöperation with the representatives of the nation, and in conformity with its laws. The executive power is exercised by the Shah through his ministers. Whether the latter are to hold office at the pleasure of the Parliament, is one of the mooted questions. The legislative power is vested in a popular Chamber, elected for two years and comprising at present 162 members, a number which may be increased to 200; and a Senate of 60 members, of whom half are elected and half nominated. Laws may be originated by Parliament or by the Administration, and after being passed by both houses receive the royal sanction. This would appear to be a formality, since the right of veto is not conceded. Financial bills may originate only in the Chamber. The Shah may dissolve the lower house in case of conflict with the Senate, but the consent of two-thirds of the latter body is necessary to such action, and it may be exercised only once in two years. New elections must follow within a month, and the Chamber assembles immediately after the close of the elections, irrespective of the absence of members from the more distant provinces. Freedom of the press is guaranteed.

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THE UNION PACIFIC INQUIRY.

The preliminary inquiry of the Interstate Commerce Commission, seven weeks ago, into the Union Pacific Railway's financial operations gave ground for expecting important developments when the investigation was resumed Monday morning with E. H. Harriman on the stand. It was established last month that, between June 30, 1906, and the end of the year, the Union Pacific had purchased upwards of $100,000,000, par value, in the shares of other railways. In one of these purchases the stock was bought from members of the Union Pacific directorate. It was well known in financial circles, though last month's inquiry did not take up the question, that the credit of Union Pacific had been used, some two years ago, to purchase stock of the Chicago and Alton Railroad. In this transaction the sellers were, in several instances, financiers identified with the Union Pacific management, who had already, through recapitalization of the Alton and a very peculiar operation in its bonds, extracted an abnormally large profit from the "deal." These facts pointed out clearly enough the direction which the inquiry when resumed would have to follow. The Alton operation would necessarily be unearthed. The nature of the Union Pacific's position, in that and other purchases, would be inquired into. Finally, the personal relations of the Union Pacific's directors to these purchases would inevitably be a matter for investigation.

Monday's examination of Mr. Harriman abundantly justified the Commission in entering on this inquiry. The witness frankly admitted, first, that in 1901 the Union Pacific shareholders were induced to authorize its directors to issue $100,000,000 convertible bonds, the proceeds of which the directors were to use for such purposes as they saw fit; next, that the management sold in its discretion stocks bought with that and other similar funds, and reinvested in other stocks, within six months, the $131,000,000 resultant capital; next, that directors of Union Pacific were engaged in the "Alton deal," whereby 3 per cent. bonds, issued to "insiders" at the price of 65, were in large part resold, a few months later, to the friendly New York Life Insurance Company at 96, Union Pacific taking a good slice of the stock. It was when this part of the inquiry was reached, involving the personality of the sellers, that the witness's recollection first became vague, then failed entirely. Finally, he refused to answer, by advice of counsel.

This refusal, and the arguments of Mr. Harriman's counsel, John G. Milburn, that inquiry into the personal transactions of railway directors, under this or other circumstances, was beyond the powers of the Commission, went to the root of the present situation. Mr. Milburn's contention in objecting to the question whether Harriman personally owned any of the Alton stock sold to the Union Pacific, was that such an inquiry did not concern interstate commerce, and hence was not within the scope of permissible investigation. The answer of the opposing counsel was, in brief, that reasonableness of railway rates is largely based on reasonableness of capitalization; that this in turn depends on the reasonableness of the price paid by the company for its investments; and that the question whether or not the person who had power to fix that price acted both as seller and buyer, was highly material to the question of reasonable charges.

Whatever the decision of the courts upon this point, we certainly do not see how Mr. Harriman's attitude can fail to prejudice his position in the eyes of the interested public. The point of the whole present inquiry is the personal relation of railway directors to these extraordinary railway "deals." C. A. Severance, counsel for the Commission, forcibly pointed out that these inquiries, novel in an Interstate Commerce Commission hearing, had become essential because the situation presented was novel. Railway companies, to use the Wall Street expression, have been going into the banking and investment business. For that purpose they have been using the credit based on their position and earnings as railroads, and disaster incurred in the investment undertaking would inevitably injure or jeopardize the railroad enterprise itself. Under such circumstances, the public generally will support the Commission's efforts to settle this question of the personal relation of railway directors to the financial management of their companies. If the right of inquiry were denied to the Interstate Commission, we may rest assured that Congress or the States or the courts will find other means of exacting the information.

There is, in our judgment, nothing unreasonable or inquisitorial in the inquiries. The time has come when the facts regarding this free-and-easy handling of hundred-million-dollar investment funds by a single group of financiers must be made absolutely clear. If the relations of these financiers to the operations in question have been proper and disinterested, it is they who should welcome publicity on the very lines adopted by the Commission. If their performances cannot bear the light, it is high time the public should be made aware of the truth. People will remember that similar indignant protests against "inquisitorial methods" were made in the early stages of the life insurance inquiry. They were not heard after Mr. Hughes's cross-examination had shown how the companies' surpluses were being used. When a railway reports, as the Union Pacific did at the close of the fiscal year 1906, a larger amount of ready cash on hand than was held by any of the great life companies three years ago, and when it is admitted that these enormous sums are used in buying or selling stocks which are active in Wall Street speculation, it is a reasonable demand that Union Pacific shareholders, with the general public, shall learn in what manner the new and extraordinary powers are being employed.

PREVENTION OF RAILWAY DISASTERS.

What can be done to prevent these appalling railway disasters? No question is, we believe, more frequently asked by the public to-day. Americans are not inclined to worry over little risks, but when the number of accidents steadily grows; when the Interstate Commerce Commission records an increased deathroll during the last period for which it has compiled statistics, there is undeniable cause for amazement, indignation, and anxiety. Have all the able men gone into the financial side of railroading to the detriment of the operating branch? Are the labor unions responsible for the slackness of discipline on certain lines? Is the congestion of traffic the real reason for so many disatsers? Have the more than questionable financial methods of our railroad managers affected their subordinates? These are some of the questions heard on every side.

According to an obviously incomplete record, 173 persons have been killed and 413 injured since January first—two months—in wrecks large and small. Seven accidents on five railways—the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the "Big Four," the Rock Island, and the Boston and Maine—account for 123 killed and 313 injured. Just before the beginning of the new year we had the accident on the Southern, in which President Spencer lost his life, and the frightful disaster at Terra Cotta, just outside of Washington. According to the latest bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission for July, August, and September, 1906, 123 more employees and passengers were killed in 1906 than in the same three months of the previous year. Of 44 prominent accidents during this period of 1906, 32 were collisions, in which 66 persons were killed and 226 injured, entailing damages to rolling stock and roadway of $256,559. Twelve were derailments, killing 25 people and injuring 240. Nearly all of these collisions were due to the errors or carelessness of employees or the failure of the signals to work. A confusion in orders and heedlessness in a block-tower were responsible for two of the worst calamities.

It will be said at once that no legis-

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lation and no amount of executive ability can eliminate the human factor; that so long as men are what they are, some blunders are bound to occur. In this explanation there is a modicum of truth, but the greater the efficiency and the better the discipline of a road, the nearer will the irreducible minimum of accidents be approached. If firemen and engineers do about as they please without fear of more than a rebuke, accidents are inevitable. Or if, as in one case reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the signalman sets both signals at a crossing at clear, and then goes off for a social evening, a collision may also be expected in the natural order of things. Moreover, it is not surprising that when an engineer, twenty-one years of age, is on duty 39 hours and 25 minutes at a stretch, he should wind-up by failing to read an order and by running into the train ahead. "Extraordinary carelessness in running a heavy freight train down a steep grade, relying only on hand-brakes," is another kind of recklessness for which operating officers may properly be held accountable. For such accidents and many like them, the best cure is their characterization as crimes, and the rigid punishment of all who are responsible, directly or indirectly. Unfortunately, it is impossible for the Interstate Commerce Commission to tell what punishments are awarded or how many guilty men get off scot free. We New Yorkers, however, know by experience with the New York Central that in general nobody is ever punished; not even in such clear cases as that of the brakeman who permitted the Hastings collision in 1891, through criminal negligence.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has another remedy to suggest: the enforced use of the block system. To this end a bill drawn by the Commission was submitted to Congress in 1904. But even the passage of such a law will not touch one grave evil. According to James J. Hill of the Great Northern, the block signals are regularly disregarded the country over, so that he wonders every time he steps on a train whether it will be the last time or not. Now, if he and other railroad presidents are unable to make their engineers obey signals, the time is ripe for a law punishing every engineman who runs into a closed block, whether an accident occurs or not. Some railroad men of experience have advocated such a measure as necessary, unless the block system is to be rendered useless.

Another excellent suggestion of the Commission is a law authorizing an official investigation of train accidents by competent men, as in England and on the Continent. The current issue of the *Railroad Gazette* also calls for an accident investigation bureau in the following language:

> News of a killing railroad disaster comes by telephone and telegraph to five authorities—the railroad staff; the coroner; the district attorney; the State Railroad Commission, and the newspapers. While the railroad officers and men are caring for the hurt and dead, clearing the wreck, rebuilding the line, and searching for the cause, the four higher authorities are competing in independent investigations. The evidence is not collated, it is separated. . . . The establishment by Congressional action of a bureau for investigating and making public the causes of important train accidents seems to be inevitable, and, if it is wisely planned and officered, should be not only inevitable but beneficent.

In this suggestion we heartily concur; but the conclusions of such a board will be of slight value if there is never to be any punishment of the guilty, whether track-walkers, brakemen, engineers, superintendents, or directors.

THE LIBERAL REVIVAL IN EUROPE.

In his inaugural address before the French Academy, Cardinal Mathieu, who took his seat in that body a few days ago as the successor of Cardinal Perraud, naturally made allusion to the present controversy between the Government and the Church. The manner in which the essentials of the Catholic argument were suggested—it was nothing more than a deft suggestion—was certainly what his compatriots would call *spirituel*. He told the story about the Duc de Bourgogne, grandson of Louis XIV., and about his tutors, Fénelon and the Duc de Villeroy. The former succeeded in "putting the fear of God" into the heart of the passionate lad whose outbursts of fury were often those of a madman, and taught him that kings were responsible to a higher Power for the due performance of their trust. Villeroy, on the other hand, like an accomplished courtier, fed his pupil's vanity by dwelling on the absolute authority that inhered in princes as against all rights on the part of their subjects. "We have a dauphin now in France," Cardinal Mathieu went on to say. "He attains his majority at twenty-one, he numbers many millions, and he, too, persuaded by interested politicians of his absolute power, needs a Fénelon to put the fear of a higher Power into his heart. The voice of the people is only sometimes the voice of God."

Here we have an unmistakable expression of the distrust in democracy which constitutes the great weakness of the Church in France. The Cardinal practically asserted that principle of ecclesiastical supremacy which we are accustomed to regard as an obsolete, mediæval doctrine. This is an extreme position, and it is inevitably opposed by an equally extreme anti-clerical and partly anti-religious movement. There is no escaping the conclusion that a large fraction of the Government support in the French Chamber of Deputies entertains anti-Christian sentiments, and that to a certain extent the Vatican is right in describing the Extreme Left as waging war, not on the Catholic Church, but on religion. Against democratic and socialistic free-thinkers and materialists the Church has asserted, therefore, the principle of authority as embodied in its hierarchy. M. Combes has declared frankly that, in view of its historic mission, the Church could not have acted otherwise, and he drew the conclusion that the battle must be fought out till one principle or the other had succumbed.

This assertion by M. Combes seems likely to be nullified, however, by a settlement of the Separation question on the basis of a compromise by which neither of the extreme parties shall win. Separation has been effected, but persecution of the Church is out of the question. The political influence of the clergy has been diminished, but henceforth they should be free to pursue their ends in the open, and without exposing themselves to unjust suspicion. In other words, France is entering on a condition of freedom, of secular politics and education, of liberty of thought for Catholic and Materialist alike—all principles which we are used to associate with Liberalism. Last week's overwhelming majority in the Chamber for M. Briand's conciliatory Church measure may be taken as a good index to the temper of the nation. The Blacks had things largely their own way up to 1899, when Waldeck-Rousseau took charge of affairs. The Reds have had their innings since then. We are apparently reaching now a state of Liberal equilibrium.

In Germany, the tide seems to be setting in the same direction. There we may take as the two extremist forces Conservative-Agrarian junkerdom, stimulated by Imperial support on the one hand, and the Social Democracy on the other. Up to the last election, the National Liberals, and the various radical parties to a less extent, were regarded as moribund. Progress by degrees, constitutionalism, the encouragement of secular education, the democratization of the army, the reform of the ballot—these were all the vague dreams of namby-pamby theorists. The spirit of the times seemed to favor the militant, the man who stood for all or nothing. It was either reaction, with its battle-cry of God, Emperor, army, country, *and* a high tariff, or Social Democracy with a gospel of complete social reconstruction. The last election, therefore, was highly significant, in that it showed a Liberal and Radical gain actually and proportionately far higher than that of any other party. Socialism has received a setback. The Conservative forces, in spite of an appreciable increase in their numbers, can hardly be said to

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have gained in influence when we think of the prestige that has fallen to Colonial Director Dernburg, hated of bureaucrats and Junkers. The Emperor often speaks vehemently, but there is ground for believing that, in spite of threats about riding down his enemies, he will be forced to recognize the presence of more than 100 Liberals and Radicals in the Reichstag.

Great Britain, of course, shows the triumph of Liberal principles in full form. The Campbell-Bannerman Ministry came only after fifteen years, practically, of Conservative ascendency. It has been a little over a year in power, and we seem to be breathing an atmosphere totally different from the days when Balfour was consul. Substantial self-government for Ireland, self-government for the Transvaal, rumors of the beginnings of self-government for India, the partial or complete secularization of public instruction, the reduction of naval expenditure, and, finally—the ultimate achievement—the reconstruction of the House of Lords on a more representative basis—Liberalism has marshalled here quite enough of principle and project to lend it character and keep it busy for years to come. Nor has the party of Gladstone come into its own as against the Conservatives solely. It was threatened for a time, as some thought, by Socialism as embodied in the powerful Labor party; but late events have shown that radical Socialism has reached its culminating point in England, no less than in France and Germany. Undoubtedly, the Liberal party has taken on a more radical tinge as a result of its Labor affiliations; but it stands, nevertheless, as the party of progress that is peaceful and measured.

THE SCIENCE OF LITERATURE.

Not long ago an American student made a long and elaborate comparison between—let us say—Vanbrugh's "Confederacy" and Dancourt's "Les Bourgeoises à la mode," which Vanbrugh followed very closely. The parallelisms were conveniently presented in a table, French in one column, English in another. Sometimes Vanbrugh appropriated a word, sometimes a sentence, sometimes more; but everything, to the minutest detail, was painstakingly set down according to the most approved fashion of what our stimulating teachers of literature call "source-study." The man who had done all this hard work innocently supposed that the facts were worth getting at, that they signified something, threw some light on Vanbrugh's intellectual constitution and habits of composition. He purposed, therefore, to embody in an introduction to his endless and tedious tables a series of deductions embodied in a readable essay. But a friend, trained after the most straitest sect of German researchers, protested: "That would not be scientific. You have the precious facts. Let them stand as their own explanation and justification."

Against this theory of literary research and its results we have more than once protested; but at the risk of wearying our readers we return to the topic. The immediate provocation is a solid volume of nearly six hundred pages, "Tennyson's Sprache und Stil," by Dr. Phil. Roman Dyboski, Band 25 of Wiener Beiträge zur englischen Philologie. Tennyson's diction and style are worth studying, in Vienna as well as in New York and London; but Dr. Dyboski's book seems to us a monument to misguided industry. His labors have been enormous; the mere task of reading his proofs would appall the stoutest heart; but after all is said and done, after the poems of Tennyson have been raked with a fine-toothed comb, after vast masses of words and constructions have been classified and sub-classified, we seem to reach the conclusion—Dr. Dyboski himself carefully abstains from drawing it—that Tennyson employed many familiar English idioms, and that he was also fond of words and turns of speech that are more characteristic of poetry than of prose.

Dr. Dyboski begins with thirty pages outlining Tennyson's life and enumerating his works. He then plunges into *Syntaktisches*, and considers the two ways of joining clauses—by subordination and coördination. He discovers that Tennyson uses "and," "or," "nor," and "but" where other connectives might, in Dr. Dyboski's opinion, be more precise. In order to show how a scientist can make of Tennyson a *corpus vile* for dissection, we quote a few of Dr. Dyboski's citations from the poems:

> Or else we loved the man, and prized his work (=or else we prized the work only because we loved the man).
>
> She was happy enough and shook it off (für: To shake it off).
>
> Ida stood nor spoke (=without speaking).
>
> Airing a snowy hand and signet gem (= with . . . on it).

After enough examples of this kind, we proceed to Tennyson's use of participles:

> Balin the stillness of a minute broke, saying (d. h.: Balin was still for a minute, then said).

Then we have the myriad uses of adjectives meticulously set down:

> A happy change=change to happiness.
>
> Brake into woman tears (=womanly).

And so on—more than five hundred pages packed with little examples, with now and then a few sentences of explanation from Dr. Dyboski.

We are aware that the intending teacher of English literature—especially if he looks for a college position—must have a doctor's degree. The letters are proof at least of his attempt at preparation; they also look well after his name in the annual catalogue—so well that many college presidents virtually hang out a sign, "None but doctors of philosophy need apply." Now, in order to get an inexhaustible supply of these doctors, the requirements for the degree must be calculated for the man of average intelligence—or less. To this end of putting the degree within reach of mediocrity, the plan of a machine-made thesis, followed by Dr. Dyboski, is perfectly adapted. It enables the dullest person, provided he will only keep at it, to kill the prescribed two or three years of time, and to make, in the form of a bulky book, an "original contribution to the sum of human knowledge." It is well to choose Tennyson, Browning, and Milton as the subjects for research, for these names on the title of the thesis suggest an acquaintance with literature; but for the purpose of acquiring literary culture, the *Gelehrte* might almost as well give his days and nights to putting into new and meaningless tables the material of the "Statistical Abstract" issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor.

The Ph.D. is now so firmly established a staple in the academic market, the factories for producing it are now so well equipped, that we cannot hope to check the industry for at least a decade to come. We are hoping, however, that within a generation there may be a reaction in favor of men who have been better employed than in puttering over such doctors' theses as we have been discussing—men who have read widely and reflected on their reading, men who have ideas or who at least might recognize an idea if they saw it. Prof. Irving Babbitt of Harvard has twice within a year urged in our columns a new degree that should lay stress on this very discipline that makes for culture, because, as he justly says, the acceptance of our present Ph.D. as proof of fitness for a chair of literature "is doing more than any one thing to dehumanize literary study and fix in our colleges a philological despotism."

The new degree for which Professor Babbitt contends might help us somewhat. The letters of it would bulk as large in the eye of college administrators and the public, and very properly; for they would be a testimonial of arduous and well-directed study. But degrees alone cannot save us. We must go back of the degree to the conception of scholarship, of which the degree is the mere outward visible sign. When we have overturned that false conception, the degree will take care of itself. The first step on the road to salvation is to persuade a large group of men who pose as scholars to abandon the notion that all facts are of equal value, and that skill in juggling disconnected words is æsthetic appreciation of literature.

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LITERARY NEWS FROM PARIS.

PARIS, February 12.

With holiday books out of the way the flow of new literature begins again. Perhaps the most important book should be classed as history with a tendency—"Rome et Napoléon III.," by Émile Bourgeois and E. Clermont, prefaced by the veteran Protestant historian Gabriel Monod. It is a book of *normaliens*, as the preciseness of style and order and the sureness of method would show without the authors' names. M. Monod says that it establishes "the duplicity and brutality of French policy with regard to the Roman Republic in 1849, its blindness and incoherence in 1869 and 1870, when it launched forth into a fearful war without allies." The thesis is known: If France had handed over Rome to United Italy, Victor Emanuel and Austria would have stood in the way of Germany's vanquishing and mutilating France.

An announcement of prime importance is an initial volume of "Mémoires et Souvenirs sur la Révolution et l'Empire," with its unpublished documents, edited by that incomparable master of localities and personalities who signs himself G. Lenôtre. This first book deals with the Massacres of September, from the account of Weber, foster-brother of Marie Antoinette, down to the minutes of the Exhumation in 1867, with the official *dossier des massacreurs*. Lovers of Saint-Denis and its perplexing tombs of the kings will be glad to have Max Billard's "Les Tombeaux des Rois sous la Terreur." Professor Esmein of the Paris Faculty of Law has translated and edited with great care and valuable original notes and appreciations the memoirs of Gouverneur Morris as published by the family in English—"Un Témoin Américain de la Révolution Française." Ed. Bonnal has found in the Archives of the French War Ministry the material of two volumes of history not without pungency in the present battle of "Vive-l'Armée" at one extreme and Anti-Militarism at the other. "Les Royalistes contre l'Armée" shows how the Restoration punished Napoleon's army and his marshals.

In the "Nouvelle Collection de Mémoires Historiques," M. Vitrac of the Bibliothèque Nationale and M. Galopin profess to give a complete examination of the still vexed question of the fate of Louis XVII.; their bibliographic indications are of great interest and they conclude that the poor Dauphin certainly died in his prison.

George Picot, the Conservative member of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, publishes two volumes of those full, grave, philosophic historical notices consecrated by that learned body to past glories. Among the most interesting papers are those concerning Jules Simon, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Léon Say, Paul Janet, and Gladstone.

An extremely readable and even moving book of campaign and prison experiences is "1870—Feuilles de Route," by Paul Déroulède, the Quixotic nephew of Émile Augier. Victor Bérard, who shone out as a specialist for the Algeciras Conference, has a serious volume, "La France et Guillaume II."

Professor Strowski of the faculty of Bordeaux pursues his studies in the history of religious sentiment in France in the seventeenth century by the first part of a noteworthy work on "Pascal et son Temps"; the present instalment reaches from Montaigne to Pascal. Perhaps the author, like Prof. William James, is too much inclined to regard Pascal's religious experience as a common phase of Catholic spirituality, instead of being peculiar to an *intellectuel*. A new writer, too enthusiastic but painstaking, Jean Baruzi, studies the origin and character of the religious convictions of a philosopher who has perhaps influenced humanity more and more healthily than Pascal himself—"Leibniz et l'Organisation Religieuse de la Terre." Maurice Masson, professor at the Catholic University of Fribourg, Switzerland—an institution which, in spite of the ban of German universities on the score of inevitable lack of intellectual freedom, has produced already several notable historians—gives an authentic edition of unpublished letters of Fénelon to Madame Guyon (1688-1699), precisely those which were found so unexplainably in the possession of a Protestant pastor in the eighteenth century. The Vicomte G. d'Avenel adds another to his many half-statistical volumes on the social organization of France through the ages in "Prêtres, Soldats et Juges sous Richelieu"; it has a chapter on the organization of early French Protestantism.

In lighter nineteenth-century themes, Henri Maréchal gives his personal "Souvenirs d'un Musicien" from the fifties to 1870, about Léo Delibes, Victor Massé, Auber, Bizet, Berlioz, and others; and the veteran Ernest Reyer, in a preface, writes gayly his reminiscences of Liszt at Rome. Prof. Albert Cassagne, in his "Théorie de l'Art pour l'Art," goes into the history of the last Romantics and first Realists. Maurice Wilmotte of the University of Liège treats of "Trois Semeurs d'Idées," of whom two—Agénor de Gasparin and Émile de Laveleye—were once well known to American readers, while the third—the very living Émile Faguet—deserves to have his ideas known. M. Faguet, of the Sorbonne and French Academy, is out with yet another scholarly, popular book of controversy, "Le Socialisme en 1907."

The second volume of the works of Bakunin contains pamphlets of this prophet of anarchy which had become all but lost, in spite of their influence on his notable disciples of the time. The preface, biography, and notes by James Guillaume, an intimate friend of Bakunin, are singularly enlightening concerning the intellectual origins of the movement.

In that literary field, so peculiarly French, which is cultivated by university professors when they present a finished and polished book for their doctor's thesis, we have "Un Poète Réaliste Anglais: George Crabbe (1754-1832)," by Prof. R. Huchon of Nancy; and by François Benoit, "Blake le Visionnaire," an attempt at a complete study of William Blake, man, *intellectuel*, artist.

René Schneider, already favorably known for his book on Umbria, has now "Rome, complexité et harmonie"—the impressions of a humanist who is on terms of intimacy with sites and scenes, buildings and art monuments of antiquity, Christianity and the Renaissance. Of a man more of the modern world, one who knows his history even in its anecdotes, are the "Promenades dans Paris" of Georges Cain, curator of the City of Paris Museum. The erudite Gustave Schlumberger pursues his historical studies in that half-Byzantine, half-Crusading age of which all readers of Gibbon like to know: "Campagnes du Roi Amaury Ier de Jérusalem" in Egypt of the twelfth century.

An exotic book, not in Loti's style, but flashing with color, is Maurice Maindron's "Dans l'Inde du Sud," a part of India which even Englishmen have not brought much into literature. The Marquis de la Mazelière, who has done good work for the history of India, now publishes three volumes on "Japon: Histoire et Civilisation," covering the ancient and feudal ages and the Tokugawa. Considering the place Japan is taking in human thought, the book is a valuable in spite of its length.

The death of Victor Henry, professor of Sanskrit at the Sorbonne for nearly twenty years, should not pass unnoticed. Born in 1850, he obtained his doctor's degree in 1883 with a thesis, "Étude sur l'analogie en général et les formations analogiques de la langue grecque." Besides the immense mass of writings known to scholars the world over, he published ideal manuals of the literature of India and the Parsees, readable by all the intelligent; and his students have carried everywhere his learning and his tolerance.

Madame Blanc also is dead, at the age of sixty-six—the lady who under the pseudonym of Th. Bentzon had made the French public best acquainted with American women as they are. She was born and lived in France, although connected with New Orleans. She contributed frequently to the *Revue Politique et Littéraire* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Her first novel, "Le Roman d'un Muet," appeared in 1868, and she had written many other stories. In her last days Government recognized her lifetime of literature, from her girlhood's friendship with George Sand, by the Legion of Honor.

S. D.

A FLORENTINE BOOKSELLER.

FLORENCE, February 10.

Probably few bookish persons have passed through Florence in the last forty years without making some acquaintance with Pietro Franceschini, whom death has removed in his seventieth year. He was a bookseller of the tribe of Dodsley, more a friend of the learned than a tradesman, and more an author in his own right than either. Those who know their Florence will not fail to recall his most famous shop on the Borgo dei Greci. It was a spacious place, literally heaped with books. There were rarely catalogues to aid the visitor, and to a casual customer Franceschini paid no more attention than civility required. One might have spent a day there without a hint to buy or a request to move on. Franceschini himself sat behind a small rampart of books busily engaged in reading or writing. His ruddy countenance, framed between a flowing white beard and silver hair that rarely knew the indignity of the shears, was crowned by a black sombrero. His whole breezy, portly effect, to an American visitor would evoke incongruously the sheriff in a comedy of frontier life. And indeed

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he illustrated throughout a long and distinguished career a sort of magisterial simplicity and probity. For years he had been moderator of the best debating society in the Tuscan capital, though, withal, an informal one. Carducci, Fanfani, and a dozen less known to international fame, had followed him from his out-of-door stand in the Uffizi colonnade to the little shop in the Borgo Santi Apostoli, and thence to the Borgo dei Greci. If any uninitiated person had wandered into that shop in the late evening, he would have perceived his error and retreated in good order. Franceschini would have been seen surrounded by the best of Florence, arbitrating literary issues, reconciling political differences, until, as eight o'clock struck, with much jangling of the great keys, and gradual extinguishing of the gas jets, he saw them all out with a handshake. That was his life for a matter of thirty years, until death and circumstances began to disperse his academy.

Such a man naturally let the business take care of itself, and it did well enough so. If a purchaser disturbed his Olympian calm by asking the price of a book, there was only one answer, "Half the marked price." That was the rule for the New England schoolma'am, tremulously buying her first Aldine, and for Mr. Gladstone, who walked in one day, rather pompously presenting himself as the friend of the Padrone's friends. It would have gone hard with any one foolish enough to bargain over the price, but presumably that seldom happened. Franceschini was one of those men who readily make themselves believed. In fact there was little of the merchant about him. He willingly lent such books as his friends could not buy; he made valuable gifts of manuscripts to the National Library, to which also he gave a precious collection of books annotated by celebrities. He marked his transfer to the splendid quarters still occupied by his business in the Palazzo Borghese, Via Ghibellina, by a redoubled and costly devotion to his favorite pursuit, the investigation of the art and archæology of Florence. In the defence of the antiquities of Florence, and in rescuing her art and artists from neglect and oblivion he was ever a *preux chevalier*, so much so that when King Humbert made him a Knight of the Crown he did but confirm the choice of Nature.

So sympathetic a figure has naturally not disappeared without deep regrets and fitting commemoration. Mario Foresi, for example, has collected welcome memorials in the *Rassegna Nazionale* for January 1, from which storehouse these few biographical data are selected. Unhappily, the autobiography which Franceschini was frequently urged to undertake and actually began remains a slight fragment. Pietro Franceschini was born in Florence in 1836 of a Pistoiese father and a Savoyard mother, a woman of rare cultivation. Deserted by her husband and reduced to poverty, she attempted to support her child by keeping a hotel at Leghorn. The inn failed and the mother died, leaving Pietro an orphan at fifteen. At his repentant father's bidding Pietro gave up a dear project of going to sea, and came to Florence to study with the portrait painter Castellini. After some hard vicissitudes, he saved up twenty francs, invested them in prints, and associated himself with a friendly bookstall keeper. During the two weeks of the Fair of the Annunciation, in 1852, the partners sold and reinvested so well that Pietro's share of the transaction came to two hundred francs. With this capital he set up his cart in the colonnade of the Uffizi, beneath the statue of Guido Aretino. There he spent eleven happy and prosperous years, reading prodigiously, "sampling" all literature, as he writes himself, and gradually drawing customers and friends of the stamp of Carducci, Fanfani, and the Foresi. The magistrates and officials of Tuscany visited him as they passed in and out of the government offices, the collegians came in force on holidays. Already the daily group beneath the statue of Aretino was called the Penthouse Academy (*Accademia della tettoia*), and its membership was eagerly sought.

It was, indeed, the desire of this coterie to have a more private academe that chiefly induced Franceschini in 1863 to give up his barrow in favor of a shop. It was this move that at once brought about his greatest adversity and proved the value of the friendships he had gained. With his new shop filled with a large stock just bought on credit from the Milanese bookseller Silvestri, there came the famous overflow of the Arno that practically wiped out his savings of eleven years. Friends rallied to his aid, among them his English client, Giovanni Temple Leader; rivals lent him books, and within a few years he had not merely recouped his losses and repaid his debts to the soldo, but was established in the Borgo dei Greci (whither the growing academy had faithfully followed him), in an enviable position of ease with dignity. Comparetti, Villari, and Chiappelli, with others, had joined these *conversazioni* in compensation for the removal of Carducci to Bologna.

Mario Foresi tells several stories of this period that illustrate Franceschini's attitude towards business. Sometimes, when asked the price of a book, he would say, "I can't tell you now; I'm too busy. Put it aside." Of course, such a book immediately disappeared in the shifting mass, the contents of which nobody knew, least of all the proprietor. On one occasion Foresi, then a schoolboy, saw a stranger conveying a quantity of books from the shelves to the capacious pockets of a great ulster and told Franceschini. "Let him alone," was the answer; "he usually does that; so much the worse for him."

The recent move to the finer quarters in the Palazzo Borghese marked a decline in the fortunes of the academy and of the business. Franceschini was too much concerned in his archæological polemics to pay much heed to the two hundred thousand volumes he moved over from the Borgo dei Greci. Death surprised him at these labors, many of which are unpublished, and he spent the few weeks of his final illness absorbed in the works of his predecessors, Vasari and Baldinucci. Perhaps the best tribute to the life of this *gran galantuomo* may be found in the words of his friend Ferdinando Martini announcing the conferring of knighthood upon Franceschini:

I have wished that the Government should mark in you a noble example of an honest, modest, and laborious life; of a culture acquired without official aid through a sense of personal dignity and a love of the excellent; that it should in you do honor to the common people of Florence who have done so many fine and useful and sturdy things; to that populace whence you come and of which you are now one of the few remaining legitimate heirs.

This is not the place to speak of Franceschini's archæological studies, many of which were intentionally given to the popular newspapers of Florence. Suffice it to say that from 1865, when his "Appunti di Fiorentino Argomento" was printed, until his death he was in constant production. The façade of the Duomo, the restoration of the Pazzi Chapel at Santa Croce, the ascertaining of artists' tombs, and the placing of memorial inscriptions, all occupied his pen at one time or another. His most important work is probably the study of Or San Michele, "L'Oratorio di San Michele in Orto," 1898. Franceschini had not merely taste, but, what is rare among archæologists anywhere and rarest perhaps among the charming dilettanti of Italy, initiative. It was due to his agitation that the beautiful North Colonnade of Santa Croce was cleared of disfiguring shops; in fact, no fine relic could be threatened or dishonored without enlisting his valiant pen. In such causes he was not without his quixotisms, as when in 1885 he started the archæological journal *Il Nuovo Osservatore Fiorentino*, which soon perished for want of contributors and subscribers, but not before its editor's important studies on the Basilica of San Lorenzo had seen the light. For an appreciation of this side of Franceschini's activity, the reader is referred to Signor Foresi's sympathetic memoir. I have wished merely that so notable an example of the bookish bookseller—in a manner a disappearing type—should be presented to readers of the *Nation*, many of whom must at least recall Franceschini's wholesome presence, as he dominated his world of books from the little bastion beyond which his grave, white head bent either in reading or in the sorer task of polemical composition.

M.

Correspondence.

THE NAVIGATION LAWS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The present discussion of ship subsidies brings up the merits of the clause in the Navigation Act of 1799, which withholds from foreign-built ships American registration and the right to fly the American flag. As far as this prohibition applies to the coastwise trade, which is open only to ships enrolled as American and flying the United States flag, this rule is only a part of the protective system; it protects the shipbuilder, and through him the maker of materials used in shipbuilding, from the competition of foreign shipyards. But as far as the prohibition applies to ships sailing and carrying goods in international trade, either from foreign to American ports, or from the latter to the former, the exclusion of the foreign-built ship from receiving American papers and from the right to hoist the American flag does not give any protection to the American shipbuild-

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er; for the foreign-built ship under the foreign flag has the same business rights as the American ship. The difference is purely sentimental, and experience has shown that the great American millionaires who buy up whole fleets of British and German ships are not plagued by any sentimental patriotism, and are quite willing to sail those ships under any Christian, and if need be under any heathen or Moslem flag.

What, then, is the use of a protection which does not protect, and does not even try to protect? LEWIS N. DEMBITZ.

Louisville, Ky., February 17.

WHEN CARDUCCI WAS BORN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the article on Carducci published in your issue of February 21, the date of the poet's birth is given as 1836. The year recorded in the register of birth published by Chiarini in "Memorie della Vita di Giosuè Carducci" (p. 400) is 1835, the passage reading:

Naque nel dì ventisette Luglio Milleottocentotrentacinque, alle ore undici di sera, e fu battezzato nel dì 29 detto nella Chiesa del nominato popolo.

LEWIS F. MOTT.

New York, February 22.

[The date given in our article is that of the last edition (1905) of Gubernatis's "Dictionnaire international des écrivains du monde latin."—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Putnams announce the following works from the Cambridge Press: "Kinship Organizations and Group Marriage in Australia," by N. W. Thomas; "National Life and Character in the Mirror of Early English Literature," by Edmund Dale; "Sir Thomas Smith's "De Republica Anglorum," with a Preface by the late Prof. F. W. Maitland; and "The Origin of the English Nation," by H. Munro Chadwick. The April *Putnam's* will contain the first chapters of a new romance by Maurice Hewlett, entitled. "The Countess Picpus."

The next volume of the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry (Henry Frowde) will be "Selections from Dr. Johnson's 'Rambler,'" edited, with preface and notes, by W. Hale White. Another volume of Jowett's Essays—dissertations turning principally on his method of interpreting Scripture—with an introduction by Prof. Lewis Campbell, is also about to be issued in the same series. The essays selected include those on the interpretation of Scripture (published in "Essays and Reviews"), the abstract ideas of the New Testament, the Old Testament, and contrasts of prophecy, and the sermon on Richard Baxter is appended.

Duffield & Co. will soon publish "Success in Life," by Emil Reich; "The Spirit of Labor," by Hutchins Hapgood; and "Business and Education," by Frank A. Vanderlip.

In March the C. M. Clark Publishing Co. will bring out "The Lieutenant, the Girl, and the Viceroy," by Marshall Putnam Thompson; "Fires of Desire," by Lawrence R. Mansfield, and a translation of Emilia Pardo Bazan's "Midsummer Madness," by Amparo Loring.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are publishing a two-volume edition of "Dampier's Voyages," edited by John Masefield.

Baker & Taylor announce for publication in April "The Early Life and Journal of Daniel O'Connell," edited by Arthur Houston. The material is said to be new and interesting. The same firm will bring out in the autumn the autobiography of Gen. O. O. Howard.

A new edition of Sir Robert Anderson's "Sidelights on the Home Rule Movement," with "a new introduction in answer to critics," is to be issued by John Murray.

The London *Speaker* is to be merged into a new weekly journal, the *Nation*, edited by H. W. Massingham.

Scribner's Magazine for March contains some interesting letters of the late E. L. Godkin—a selection from the forthcoming two volumes of the "Life and Letters," edited by Rollo Ogden and published by the Macmillan Company. In the same issue of *Scribner's* is the first of a series of papers, "Impressions of Contemporary France," by Prof. Barrett Wendell. This instalment deals with the universities, with which Professor Wendell had unusual opportunities to become acquainted in the course of his "academic mission" to France in 1904-1905. He lectured not only in Paris, but at the provincial universities. His descriptions and comments are entertaining as well as acute and suggestive.

As its contribution to the centenary of Longfellow's birth, Bowdoin College published yesterday the "Origin and Growth of the Languages of Southern Europe and of Their Literature," an address delivered by the poet on September 2, 1830, at his inauguration as professor of modern languages in Bowdoin. This was one year, as a matter of fact, after Longfellow's actual installation. The volume, a neat specimen of the bookmaker's art, contains a prefatory note of 13 pages by George T. Little, librarian of Bowdoin; 113 pages of text, and 9 pages of notes by Longfellow. They seem to indicate, in one or two places, that he may have accompanied his paper with poetical or other citations that have not come down to us. After his death his biographer, Samuel Longfellow, gave the autograph manuscript to Bowdoin College Library. Parts of the address have already been published in the "Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow" (1891), volume i., pp. 184-7; and the passages which are now first made accessible are of interest rather as a study of Longfellow's mind than as a contribution to knowledge of either Romance language or literature, in the light of present-day philology and criticism. It is worth observing that while Longfellow was professor of German, as well as of French, Italian, and Spanish, there is scarcely a reference to German literature or language in the address, a fact to be accounted for in part by the circumstance that after he had spent from the middle of June, 1826, to the end of December, 1828, in France, Spain, and Italy, he was called back suddenly to Maine in June, 1829, after less than six months' acquaintance with Germany and German life and thought. It was not until 1835-36, when Harvard waited a year and a half for Longfellow to repair to northern Europe, that he had a chance to get really acquainted with the literature that in time most affected him as a poet.

We have received from T. Fisher Unwin of London Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's pamphlet, "Atrocities of Justice under British Rule in Egypt." This we have already mentioned editorially. It is a pamphlet which should be read by every one who seeks to form a just opinion of English rule in Egypt.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published Charles Jarrott's valuable "Ten Years of Motors and Motor-Racing," profusely illustrated and full of interest for all who believe in automobile contests. To some of Mr. Jarrott's views we have already referred editorially. He has been very successful in portraying the excitement of racing, together with its accidents, of some of which he presents striking pictures.

"A Dialect of Donegal," by E. C. Quiggin (Cambridge University Press), is described as "the first serious attempt at a scientific description of a dialect of Northern Irish." The author is impressed by the rapidity of phonetic decay in the Gaelic-speaking area, and by the need of using some other means of explaining the mysteries of Old and Middle Irish orthography than the language of the younger people, spoiled in many cases by a more or less lengthy sojourn in Scotland or America. The speech of this volume—the speech of Meenawannia in the parish of Glenties—is given as used by persons born before the famine. The phonological chapters relate to the vowel system, to the consonants, to synthesis, to vowel-shortening, metathesis, etc. The remaining portion includes word-lists in Old and Middle Irish, Modern Irish, and Scotch and Manx Gaelic, and texts. The work is of the same order as Rhys's "Manx Phonology" and Pedersen's "Aspirationen i Irsk"; and it will prove of real assistance to the ever-increasing band of Celtic scholars.

Another book on things Irish, of a kind more likely to appeal to the ordinary reader, is the smaller edition of J. W. Joyce's "Social History of Ancient Ireland" (Longmans, Green & Co). Owing to the loss of national independence and the almost total eclipse of the Irish at home during the eighteenth century, their forebears have never received their full measure of credit for their striking advance in the arts of civilization during the sixth and succeeding centuries. Like the work from which it is abridged, this is intended to place them in their proper rank among the peoples of antiquity, and in so doing to correct exaggerated notions as to their savagery and degradation, or, for that matter, as to their greatness and splendor during the Pre-Norman period. It consists mainly of simple exposition, the authorities, references, and quotations given in the larger book being omitted here. Its subject-matter includes the government, military system, and law of the ancient Irish, their religion, learning, and art; their trades, industries and commerce, and their manners, customs and domestic life. As might be expected, it is a valuable composition, accurate and full of sound learning.

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The paper on "Primitive Culture in Japan," with its abundant illustrations and a map in colors, showing the distribution per 100 square *ri* of the stone age sites in Japan, by N. Gordon Monro, occupies 212 pages of vol. xxxiv., part ii., of the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan. This skilled archæologist, after many years of excavation and research, finds two great areas of prehistoric activity, Yamato and Ainu. The former occupied the region west of Lake Biwa, in the narrowest part of the main island. The Ainu (now known to speak an Aryan language) occupied the east and north. Mr. Monro sums up his conclusions thus:

> The Yamato leaders, if we may judge by the terra-cotta figures which have been left, were not pure Mongolians. Many of these figures exhibit a distinctly Caucasian appearance, and the aristocratic type of Japanese preserves these features to this day. The *beau idéal* of the artists and poets of Japan indicates a prototype of Iranian or other Semitic affinity. . . . . The Mongolian element in Japan was an imported, and not an original stock.

With this conclusion of a cautious archæologist may be compared the paper of Dr. David Thompson, a scholar for forty years in Semitics and Japanese, showing the tri-literality of old pre-Mongol Japanese (Hirata's list), and the identity in sound, form, and meaning of over thirty of the verbs in both tongues. Mr. Monro believes that the leaven of Ainu in the Japanese composite "is present in a greater degree than is apparent." In a word, excavation confirms the proofs of language that the basis stock of the Nipponese is Ainu, and Mr. Monro's labors confirm those of Chamberlain and Batchelor in showing the lateness and thinness of Mongolian blood infusion and culture in Japan. Part iii. of vol. xxxiv., pp. 90, contains a Summarized Catalogue of the postage stamps of Japan, by A. M. Tracey Woodward, richly illustrated, and exhaustive in content.

Three years ago Prof. Giuseppe Bellucci of the University of Perugia published the first of a series of volumes dealing with the *Tradizioni popolari italiane* under the title of "La grandine nell' Umbria." He has now given us a second and somewhat larger work on "Il Feticismo primitivo in Italia e le sue forme di adattamento" (Perugia: Unione Tipografica Coöperativa). That fetichism is not yet dead and that nineteen centuries of Christianity have done but little towards eradicating paganism in Italy, seems to be indisputable. Not only are the same stones and shells and teeth and tusks which are discovered in prehistoric tombs still believed to possess occult virtues and used as preservatives against witchcraft and the evil eye, but the Christian symbols themselves are all too often converted to superstitious uses. The argument of the author is reinforced and illustrated by numerous photographs from his unique collection of charms and amulets, and the subject is one upon which few men living can write with equal authority. The series when completed will contain two other volumes, namely: "Una pagina di psicologia popolare; gli Amuleti" and "Il fulmine nelle tradizioni popolari antiche e moderne."

In almost every Italian town there is a group of painstaking, intelligent scholars who devote their lives to the study of its records and monuments. The result of their labors is generally published in some local periodical which is practically unknown beyond the walls of the city which gave it birth. It is for this reason that we desire to call attention to *Perusia Augusta, Rivista di Topografia, Arte e Costume dell' Umbria* (Perugia: Unione Tipografica Coöperative), which has just finished the first and, perhaps, the only year of its life, since its continuance is imperilled owing to the departure of its editor for Rome. Among the many valuable articles which it contains are several dealing with Jacopone da Todi, whose sixth centenary was, it will be remembered, celebrated last Christmas. Not the least valuable feature of the periodical is its illustrations.

During the Archæological Congress in Athens in 1905 there was considerable discussion as to the way in which the immense mass of inscriptions found in the "Corpus Inscriptionum" could be made accessible to the average student. The proposal to publish a cheap edition of the Greek inscriptions has not as yet been carried out. In the meanwhile the French savants have at least partially solved the problem in their "Inscriptiones Græcæ ad Res Romanas Pertinentes," begun in 1901 by the Paris Academy of Inscriptions, and edited by R. Cagnat, the well-known authority on Roman epigraphy. Nine good-sized volumes are now on hand, in lexicon form, containing the Latin inscriptions pertaining to Italy, the northern half of the Balkan peninsula, Africa, with the exception of Egypt, as also Asia Minor, exclusive of Ionia, Phrygia, and Caria, and further Syria and Arabia.

A Cornell University archæological expedition, under the direction of Prof. John R. S. Sterrett, will start on March 9 for Asia Minor. Professor Sterrett has previously spent several years in exploration and excavation in the East. He will be accompanied by B. B. Charles, instructor in Semitics; A. T. Olmstead, formerly fellow in the American School at Jerusalem and now at Athens; C. O. Harris, formerly instructor in Latin, now in the American School at Athens; and J. E. Wrench, former fellow at the University of Wisconsin. They hope by the study of inscriptions and by accurate surveys to determine some important historical sites, and get other information by which to correct current maps. They may remain abroad two years.

The biennial report of the California State Library, just issued, illustrates the increased interest in library matters on the Pacific Coast. Since assuming the functions of a State Library Commission about two years ago, the trustees have sought to make the State Library the centre of an expanding system that should reach all sections of the State. As a first step, the old rules of the library, limiting the use of its books to members of the State government, or to citizens dwelling in the capital, were rescinded, and the rule adopted that any resident of the State may borrow books by making application through a local library, a State travelling library, a registered study club, or a judge of the Superior Court; or, where none of these means is available, on identification by an agent of an express company. Moreover, information on any subject desired is now furnished by the staff to any citizen of the State on application by mail. A Library Extension Department has been established, which operates through four divisions, known as the Public Libraries Division, the Travelling Libraries Division, the Study Club Division, and the Books for the Blind Division. In the Public Libraries Division two library organizers are improving libraries already in existence, and starting new ones. During the last year libraries were organized in sixteen towns as the direct result of the work of these organizers. In the Travelling Libraries Division, the number of libraries in use has increased in two years from 85 to 225, and the number of volumes from 4,250 to 11,250. For the purpose of receiving and circulating these libraries, 291 temporary library associations have been formed, many of which, it is expected, will develop into permanent organizations. In the Study Club Division work is modelled closely on the plan in force in New York State. Every encouragement is given to the formation of these clubs, subjects of study are suggested, programmes and syllabuses furnished, and select lists of books supplied. The Division of Books for the Blind, which has just begun its work, reports that it has a collection of 550 volumes, and has registered 169 readers, scattered in all parts of the State. As a stimulus to all these activities, the library maintains a quarterly publication, the largest of its kind in the country, called *News Notes of California Libraries*.

The Oregon Library Commission, at the completion of its first year, reports the following work accomplished, with an appropriation of $2,000: (1) It has supplied forty-five rural communities and small cities with travelling libraries. (2) It has selected and published a list of books for school libraries and secured such low contract prices from the publishers as to save to the schools of the State $3,000 on the volumes purchased. (3) It has published and circulated literature in the interest of library improvement and expansion as a preliminary to a more active library propaganda. (4) It has maintained a bureau for the study of comparative legislation as an aid to the law-making body of the State.

Harry Pratt Judson, who has been acting president of the University of Chicago since the death of William R. Harper, has been elected president. He was born in Jamestown, N. Y., in 1849; he was graduated from Williams in 1870, and he has received various honorary degrees. In the year of his graduation he became a teacher in the High School of Troy, and he also served as principal of that institution. In 1885 he was called to be professor of history in the University of Minnesota, and in 1892 he was appointed head professor of political science and dean of the faculties of arts, literature, and science in the University of Chicago. He is author and editor of a number of school text-books, as well as works of more general interest. Among his writings we may mention "Europe in the Nineteenth Century," 1894; "The Growth of the American Nation," 1895; "The Higher Education as a Training for Business," 1896; "The Government of Illinois," 1900; and "The Essentials of a Written Constitution" (decennial publications of the University of Chicago).

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The death is announced of Dr. David Pryde, for twenty years principal of the Edinburgh Ladies' College, and for twenty-three years a lecturer in English literature in what is now the Heriot-Watt College. Born in 1834, he was graduated at St. Andrew's. For some time he was employed on the staff of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," chiefly as a compiler of biographical articles. Among his books are "Biographical Outlines of English Literature," "Highways of Literature," "Great Men of European History," and an autobiography, "Pleasant Memories of a Busy Life."

From Athens comes news of the death of the poet and philologist, Dimitrios Vernardakis, in his seventy-third year. After study at Munich and Berlin, he was appointed professor of history and philosophy at the University of Athens; but in 1883 he resigned and retired to Mitylene in order to give his time to poetry and science. A number of his plays were successful on the Athenian stage. He also wrote a well-known "Grammar of the Greek Language."

RECENT VERSE.

It chances that there are at present upon our table four slender volumes of verse by youthful poets that present an uncommonly suggestive unity in variety. John Erskine's "Actæon and Other Poems" (The John Lane Co.), Louis Ledoux's "The Soul's Progress and Other Poems" (The John Lane Co.), Justin Sterns's "The Song of the Boy" (The Ariel Press, Westwood, Mass.), and William Ellery Leonard's "Sonnets and Poems" (privately printed), are alike in a certain attractive zest of generous youth, but they differ singularly and significantly in tone and background.

Mr. Erskine's chief poetic masters have been Milton, Landor, and Keats, and, if we may judge by the token of a certain admirable sonnet, George Edward Woodberry; but he has absorbed from them the tone rather than the intellectual outlook of the modern classic poetic mood. His work is more notable for form than for substance; the most vital note in it is its fine sense of the apostolic tradition in poetry, its sentiment of poetic scholarship. Yet this in itself is a thing to be grateful for. We do not remember to have lately seen a first book of verse showing so delicate a sense of poetic propriety. The distinction of Mr. Erskine's blank verse may be sampled from the opening lines of his "Actæon":

Fair bloomed the happy world, fair bloomed the May,
But over Lethe came no bloom nor change,
Only the ancient languor; soft and smooth,
Save where a slumbrous poppy, nodding low,
Trailed into ripples, Lethe slipped away;
And there the dead, fresh from the bright world, came,
And drank forgetfulness—one cup for all,
Whether their crown of life were flower or thorn,
Their draught of life proved sweet or bitter wine.
There statesmen, soldiers, leaders of their times,
Heart-worn with blazing out new paths for truth,
Drank with their meanest followers, side by side;
Two lovers there, one with the passionate kiss
Of sweet lips clinging, one in patient love
Of those same lips, which never might be his,
Together drank and equally forgot;
Thither came joy and sorrow ceaselessly,
And straight passed over, levelled unto peace.

His lyric gift and poetic sensibility are seen at their best in "Parting":

Not in thine absence, nor when face
To face, thy love means most to me,
But in the short-lived parting-space,
The cadence of felicity.

So music's meaning first is known,
Not while the bird sings all day long,
But when the last faint-falling tone
Divides the silence from the song.

Mr. Ledoux follows many of the same masters as Mr. Erskine, but with something less of distinction of form, something more of spiritual ardor. The titular piece in his volume is a lyric sequence of some forty pages—the old poetic wayfaring of "the soul" through the dubious experiences of life to the "higher optimism." It must be confessed that Mr. Ledoux seems still to abide on the level of naïve and doctrinaire optimism—that of Browning's "Pauline," for example. His experience of doubt and despair seems chiefly to have come to him from the perusal of "The Cty of Dreadful Night." Yet there is an engaging fervor in the spirit of his work. Embodied as it is in clear and fluent verse, with an unusual melody of vowel-sound, it makes a gently insistent appeal, not unlike that to be felt in certain pieces of Longfellow's. Mr. Ledoux's quality adequately appears in the Epilogue to the "Progress of the Soul":

Though human hearts with grief and anguish
Must still be darkened day by day,
Though youth must pass and beauty languish,
Though joy must yield to sorrow's sway,

Though hope grows dim and faith uncertain,
Though reaching thought forever fails
To see, beyond death's dusky curtain,
The mystery no search unveils,

Shall I not heed what gleams of Beauty
Through Man and Nature surely shine?
Shall I neglect the certain duty
Of bringing joy to them that pine? . . .

So let me live, all Beauty seeing,
To lighten life where'er I can,
And mark the soul's immortal being
Impearled within the mortal man.

In Mr. Sterns's "The Song of the Boy" we have a more athletic note:

Oh! The joy of being alive!
To be sound of body and brain,
With pulses that leap to strive,
And muscles that crave the difficult feat.
To battle with wind and rain,
To struggle with snow and sleet,
In the tumbling surf to meet
That strongest foe of man, the sea.
To feel her tug at the feet,
And buffet the face with a heavy hand;
And measure strength with her brainless strength,
And in spite of her might, to stand
Or leap or swim at the will's command.
Oh! Life is sweet!

So it begins, and in the course of the first section in which the boy speaks we have a vivid glorification of the joys of healthy youth. Wrestling, skating, diving, rowing, climbing, running, jumping, the subtler joys of the senses, the pleasures of the fresh fancy and imagination, of young sympathy and friendship—each is made in turn the subject of a joyous stanza turned off with a fine musical freedom. Then other voices are heard. Death, the World, the Flesh, the Devil, address themselves to the boy, suggesting the pleasantness of the Primrose Path and the wisdom of plucking roses while one may. Finally Love speaks in the crucial strophe of the poem:

Keep me my throne, O Boy!
Great is the joy
Of the supple body's strength and the senses' thrill,
They are right and sweet in their day,
But I am greater than they.
They shall straight give way when I claim my empty throne.
Lo, I am the Master Joy,
You shall presently own my sway.
O Boy! you have waited me long,
But I may not come at the summons of man.
I must bide my time.
You are right to live your jubilant song
Of joy in being alive,
But know that each of these lesser joys
You shall desire to sacrifice
In the service of Love. O Boy! Be wise!
Even the joy of the indrawn breath
You shall be willing to yield to Death.
Yea! So the Beloved be blest thereby
You shall gladly die.
Then is it more
Than the Flesh will endure
That you keep your Soul clean?
It has served you well, of a truth,
This Joy of Life and Youth,
Has kept you sane and fine and strong,
Fit to love with the Love that Abides.
The Prelude,—and then the Song!
Behold! I shall come!
What will it matter then that you waited me long?

To this last voice the boy listens, and the poem ends. The piece has its faults; it would have gained by some revision and excision, by an occasional refining of phrase, but as a whole it is a telling expression of the perennially pagan spirit of youth and of an admirable promise.

In the "Sonnets and Poems" of William Ellery Leonard we have again a background of scholarship—of a scholarship sometimes imperfectly fused in the heat of the poetic mood, sometimes, as in a quantity, a little inaccurate. There is, however, in Mr. Leonard's verse an intellectual vigor, and a corresponding resonance of line that carries one safely over the occasional crudities and awkwardnesses. At his best, Mr. Leonard can be large without inflation, as in "New York in Sunset":

The island city of dominion stands,
Crowned with all turrets, o'er the waters' crest,
Throned, like the bright Cybele of the West,
And hailed with cymbals in a million hands
Around her; yet serenely she commands
The inland vision and the ocean quest,
The new-born mistress of the world's unrest,
The beauty and the terror of the lands.

She sees the fields of harvest sown for her,
She sees the fortress set beside her gate,
Her hosts, her ships, she sees thro' storm and fire;
And hers all gifts of gold and spice and myrrh,
And hers all hopes, all hills and shores of fate,
And hers the fame of Babylon and Tyre.

"In the Song of the City" (Oak Leaves Press), Anna Louise Strong has found in Chicago something of the same inspiration that Mr. Leonard has drawn from his New York. The verse is undistinguished, but it is not seldom visited by something of the poetic sense of life; witness this on the "Tenement Back Yards":

Close by the elevated the worst of the back-yards lie,
Barren, desolate spaces under an ashen sky,
Bottles and boxes and papers and pieces of glass and tin,
And rotted boards of fencing that shut the scrap-heap in.

Hopeless, dreary ash-piles—and yet there is laughter here;
And hearts bowed down with labor still trace the round of the year,
When the rays of first spring sunshine strike through the dingy pane,
And the broken rag-stuffed windows are stripped of their rags again.

For over the dust and ashes roll surges of conquering life,
Life and the glory of living, the joy and the pain and the strife,

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Love and the faith of loving, and wan hope's fitful gleams;
Ay, even the lost are haunted by the pallid beauty of dreams.

A curious contrast to the above is presented in Douglas Malloch's "In Forest Land" (The American Lumberman), the poetic recreations, if one may guess, of a forester. Here, again, the verse is undistinguished, but of an outdoor wholesomeness that is refreshing. There is a pleasant macaronic flavor in "The Love of a Botanist":

I long for the land of the pinus palustris
Where the liriodendron is bursting to bloom,
Where taxodium distichum faithful, industr'ous,
Is waving in sadness o'er Clementine's tomb.

'Twas under the spreading hicoria pecan
We pledged our fond love by the light of the stars;
"If any be faithful," we whispered, "then we can,"
While leaning at eve o'er the fraxinus bars.

A flower from the sweet asimina triloba
She pinned on my coat as I bade her farewell;
But her love grew as cold as the far Manitoba
And my hopes like the frost-bitten autumn leaves fell.

They planted catalpa, the fair speciosa,
They planted the bush and the tree and the vine,
They planted a sprig of robinia viscosa,
And, underneath these, planted poor Clementine.

The reader of Charles Gibson's stout and expensive volume of verse, "The Spirit of Love and Other Poems" (Boston: Published by the author), will rub his eyes. It is as if the mellifluous Waller lived again and published numerous verse at his lower level. The following lines from Mr. Gibson's "Hero and Leander," which he advises us to compare with Fawkes's version of Musæus, are a fair specimen of his languid but indefatigable poetic impulse:

Trembling with love, he plunges to the deep,
His form submerged, the billows round him leap.
The distant shore a gentle light extends,
As thus to Love encouragement it lends.
O fair Leander, plow these treacherous waves!
Leap through the ocean to the shore it laves!
There, wandering near the beach, her duties o'er,
Steps Hero loved; now lingering no more.
Her eyes with dewy spray lie half-encased,
Her heart no mortal suitor has defaced;
While from the tower is reared a burning torch,
That guides Leander to the temple's porch.
Awake, O Eros, and defend this youth
Who braves the sea, to seek thy fane, forsooth!

Mr. Gibson announces a volume of "Love Sonnets" for 1907, one of "Odes and Elegies" for 1908, and one of "Dialogues and Satires" for 1909. That is a weighty observation that Alceste makes to Oronte in the first act of the "Misanthrope":

Par la chaleur de montrer ses ouvrages,
On s'expose à jouer de mauvais personnages.

Under the same rubric with Mr. Gibson's work, we may list "Poems," by E. L. Noble (Richard G. Badger), "Songs and Sonnets," by Helena Coleman (Toronto: William Briggs), "Driftwood," by Russell Whitcomb (Badger), "Easter Song," by Clinton Scollard (G. W. Browning), "The Rose Jar," by Thomas S. Jones (Browning), and "The Silent Land," by William Blane (Elliot Stock).

A seventeenth-century flavor of another sort is to be savored in Edward Gilchrist's "Tiles from a Porcelain Tower" (privately printed at the Riverside Press). Mr. Gilchrist has plainly done a good deal of rather virile thinking, and as he has made his ingeniously plotted verse the vehicle rather for his notions than for his moods, his work has much of the peculiar pithiness that marked the work of the concettists in their less fantastic vein. Not the least interesting of the pieces are those more expressly from the Porcelain Tower, "the pride and symbol of Cathay," wherein the decaying splendors of the East are expressed with both imagination and humor. Take for example these sonnets from a sequence entitled "In a Mountain Lamasery:

Gilt Buddha, with the heavy-lidded eyes,
Whose glances seem hypnotically jail'd
By walls of an unconscious paradise,
Tell me, how many moons have glow'd and paled
Since in thy Mongol face at length was lost
All trace of Prince Siddartha's lineaments?
How long, O placid mystic, since thou wast
Carved in thy convert's image, and the scents
Of Ind upon thine altar were replaced
With sandal-powder, mill'd beside the brooks
That else adown the Lu Shan rush to waste?
Thou wilt not answer, but the ancient rooks
That nest upon the cedar at thy gate
Are cursing me as unregenerate!

Alas, I fear thy bent and wheezy bonze
Is not a ritualist; he offered me
For copper coin the candlesticks of bronze
And curtain from thy shrine of filagree,
Nay, dare I whisper it?—but thou shouldst know—
He hinted that he might replace thyself
For thirty silver shoes! Quoth I: "Not so;
They who have barter'd Gods for petty pelf
Did never prosper!" Then he smote the gong
That hung beside us and so summon'd thee
To hear his orisons and even-song.
The sacred birds still scolded from their tree,
As through the quaint and lonely temple's gloom
Ebb'd into silence that deep, brazen boom.

John Daniel Logan begins his "Preludes" (Toronto: William Briggs) with "An Epistle in Criticism," in which he lays down the interesting dictum that the cause of the failure of "Keltic" poetry in Canada is "the disfranchisement of Love, the decay of natural piety." Mr. Logan's own work does not seem of quite sufficient calibre to assist very largely in the rehabilitation of Canadian piety and love. He is often wordy and ineffective, but at times, as in this sonnet to E. A. MacDowell, he exhibits a fineness and fervor of feeling that has its charm:

Dreamer in tones, whose mellifluous music wrought,
As Oommla's Harp in Keltic days of yore,
With captive spell, must we hark nevermore
The melody thy wistful spirit caught
From land and sea and sky and every spot
Of Beauty ineluctable, before
The dumb, obscure, appalling Night closed o'er
Thy senses' pearly ports and left thee naught
Save vacant visitings? Ah, Dreamer, though
The gods have veiled thine effluent phantasy,
We are thy homagers, forever thrall
To thy sweet song and music magical
Of winsome Woodland voices, and the low,
Sad poignant pulsings of the far-off opal Sea!

Mr. Logan closes his volume with a prose discourse in which, with apparent sincerity, he upholds "The rhythmical dummy," *e. g.*:

The dumble-doo and the dilly doss,
The umpty umpty oo;
While the livelong hours of the do-dad day
Did tra-tra la la la-loo——

as "the best means of securing, not, perhaps, beauty of idea, or nicety of poetic form, but fundamental music and the breath and life of poetry."

John Davidson, on the contrary, closes his "Holiday and Other Poems" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) with an uncommonly interesting bit of poet's prose decrying rhyme as a mark of decadence and urging English blank verse as the great "ascendant" poetic form of the world. Paradoxically, the volume itself is a collection of experiments in repeated and shaded rhyme of unusual technical interest. The somewhat hard, but vigorously imaginative and sharply individual quality that has made many of Mr. Davidson's other volumes memorable is less pervasive here; yet he is near his best in these stanzas from a curious dramatic "Eclogue" entitled "New Year's Eve":

There is a dish to hold the sea,
A brazier to contain the sun,
A compass for the galaxy,
A voice to wake the dead and done!

That minister of ministers,
Imagination, gathers up
The undiscovered universe,
Like jewels in a jasper cup.

Its flame can mingle north and south;
Its accent with the thunder strive;
The ruddy sentence of its mouth
Can make the ancient dead alive.

"A Book of Masks," by Wilbur Underwood (Elkin Matthews), has other marks of decadence than rhyme. Pierrot is Mr. Underwood's chief poetic symbol, and a faint perfume of *fleurs du mal* lingers in his page. Yet there is a sincere and wistful fantasticality in the little book, a slim energy of line, that make more than a momentary impression. The book has for its motto this from the "Journal of the Black Death": "And was played before the Kinge's Most. Excellent Majestie a Masque of Shadowes." After a score of shadowy sarabandes in verse, the series concludes with:

THE END.

The hour has struck; with sudden grace
The mask is slipped from each worn face,
And desolate eyes meet desolate eyes
In glances of a lone surmise
That searching deeply only see
The veils of utter mystery;
The lights are flickering in the lamps,
The air grown sharp with earthy damps,
O little ghosts of sad delight
Pass wearily into the night.

A little while and over all
The faded leaves shall drift and fall,
The rain and wind from outer space
Walk desolate about the place,
And whisper through the grasses wet:
Adieu, Pierrot; good-night, Ninette.

"Love Songs and Bugle Calls," by Virginia Frazer Boyle (A. S. Barnes & Co.), is a collection showing a considerable measure of the poetic temperament and an unusual fluency in varied rhyme. The rather too easy pathos that colors many of the pieces is not likely to prove a hindrance to popular appreciation. Unfortunately Mrs. Boyle's poetic energy is too diffuse to admit of effective quotation.

The impermanence of personal charm as a poetic asset is rather mournfully shown in the volume of "Selections from Charles Swain," compiled "by his third daughter" (London: Fifield). Swain was a poet of rather exceptional popularity in the forties and fifties, and no less a man of letters than Robert Southey said of him: "If ever man was born to be a poet, Swain was." Yet, read at this hour, his quality is that of a rhyming Tupper and little more. The following characteristic stanza affords a rather instructive comparison with Mr. Davidson's fine stanzas on the same theme quoted above:

In Science as in Literature, the same
Creative spirit elevates the tone;
Philosopher and bard must mount to fame
Each by imagination's power alone;
The first conception Dalton's mind made known

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Of the Atomic Theory was *then*
A vision beautiful as Fancy's own!
A fine poetic thought, Worth Milton's pen!
Waiting a mind to grasp and give its form to men.

"The Humor of Love," an anthology edited by Tom Masson (Moffat, Yard & Co.), is done from a full knowledge of the lighter erotic literature in English and with an excellent *flair* for the things that are at once graceful and amusing. Read consecutively, the effect is considerably more humorous than amorous.

An anthology of unique interest is the book of "Sea Songs and Ballads" selected by Christopher Stone, with an Introduction by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge (Henry Frowde). The literary ballad is represented as sparingly as possible, the authentic "chanty" and "forebitter" as fully. The result is a corpus of salty folks-poesie that is as instructive as entertaining. The following stanzas are from a song that Admiral Bridge assures us has been sung for two hundred years by actual sailormen on actual ships:

Farewell, and adieu to you, (gay) Spanish ladies,
Farewell, and adieu to you, ladies of Spain!
For we've received orders for to sail for old England,
But we hope in a short time to see you again.

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British heroes,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

Then we hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'west, boys,
We hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear;
We got soundings in ninety-five fathom, and boldly
Up the channel of old England our course we did steer. . . .

So let every man toss off a full bumper,
Let every man toss off his full bowls;
We'll drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy:
So here's a good health to all true-hearted souls.

RECENT FICTION.

The Woman's Victory. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The short stories of Maarten Maartens are always worth looking into, but they leave no firm impression. They have the air of a series of clever tricks in which, as it were, less is said than meets the eye. They are experiments in fiction, studies in various manners from Maupassant to, say, F. Hopkinson Smith. Short-story writers are lucky enough not to have "messages" expected of them, but it is in reason that they should be looked to for some sort of consistent method. As a matter of fact, the tales in the present collection display in form a factitious versatility; in substance they are rather monotonous. Four or five among the most striking of them are variations on one theme. Some crucial moment is seized in the common life of a man and a woman, under the stress of which convention is thrown aside, and the truth revealed as to their mutual relation, or their common relation to the world, or both. Disillusion is the note. The author says some very "cynical" things, in quite the sweeping manner of the undergraduate who wishes to conceal the softness of his heart. Whenever he takes a step aside from his narrative for purposes of comment or generalization, he is sure to be either uncompromisingly sentimental or uncompromisingly bitter. He apparently cannot trust himself to strike a delicate balance of probabilities. It is distinctly more natural for him to be rhetorical and romantic than sardonic and pithy; and two-thirds of the tales in the present volume are undisguisedly in the former vein. One is irritated to find him at intervals bringing himself up to time with the customary smart little fling at Life or Love; as if a mess of rhetorical sentiment could not be quite wholesome without a pinch of bitterness. "He was a great banker. He was a great blackguard. It would not be necessary to say the same thing twice, but that the world is so slow to understand." This is the kind of puerility to which he is often reduced. There is much to be said for the old-fashioned open fire of sentiment, which had a way of baking one side of us so comfortably that we hardly noticed how chilly the other was.

The White Darkness. By Lawrence Mott. New York: The Outing Publishing Company.

This is a series of vigorous but rather conventional tales of the Canadian wilderness. Prof. C. G. D. Roberts and Jack London have done this kind of thing better. Perhaps the comparison is hardly in point, for the method here is openly melodramatic. The Northwestern mounted police, the Hudson Bay trapper, and the peripatetic Indian are the principal figures involved in the execution of the rulings of poetic justice, which are interfered with only by elevations of snow or depressions of temperature. There is naturally much of the Kanuck jargon, the phonetic representation of which is unusually successful. In short, these stories are all of the type known as "magazinable"; which means that the chances are against their proving (to invent a similar verbal horror) really "bookable."

Friday, the 13th. By Thomas W. Lawson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Modest Mr. Lawson, the author of "Frenzied Finance" and of many entertaining newspaper advertisements, has written a fervent novel called "Friday, the 13th." Here we have all the familiar stage setting of Wall Street, painted in garish splotches; gigantic stock deals, frightful panics, tickers, and tapes spinning out quotations a mile a minute, the usual seething mobs on the Stock Exchange, and all the "System's" hell-hounds let loose, chapter after chapter. There is a heart-throb on every page. We ache with sympathy for the proud, old ex-governor of Virginia, who has lost in unwise speculation several million dollars of trust funds; we yearn to look into the fathomless eyes of his virtuous daughter who, to retrieve her father's fortune and good name, persuades the hero to help her play the stock market, and prays the Lord to bless their operations; we shudder when the aforesaid hero, taking the "long" instead of the "short" side of Sugar, loses his first two million dollars. And of course we cannot but exult when, money-mad as he is, the hero turns the table on the System's cohorts and cleans up a cool billion of dollars; and on the last page we are very close to tears at the death of both the chief personages—of that beautiful daughter of Virginia, endowed with eyes of "spirituality and passion," and with a singular gift for stock-gambling, and of the superb hero, Rob, the picture of whom rises before us as he stood in the thick of his last panic—"his perfect-fitting, heavy black Melton cutaway coat thrown back from the chest, and a low, turned-down white collar, the setting for a throat and head that reminded one of a forest monarch at bay on the mountain crag awaiting the coming of the hounds and hunters."

As a matter of fact, as the advance notice says, "the fever of money madness and the curse of speculation run throughout the story," and what Mr. Lawson attempts to do is to show the degrading effect of speculation upon character. But the delineation of character requires more literary art than Mr. Lawson, with all his red-hot, hyphenated adjectives, can show, and as for his plot, it steadily thins instead of thickens. Of course, everybody that has ever been within a mile of Trinity Church knows that the book, as a picture of Wall Street life and methods, is absurd.

Sampson Rock of Wall Street. By Edwin Lefèvre. New York: Harper & Bros.

"Sampson Rock of Wall Street" is a highly successful operator who rears up a son to call his father "Dad," and to circumvent the old man in the great Virginia Central Railroad deal. The story, which is entirely readable, is filled with the technique of speculation, and all the detail of a big New York stock-brokerage office is laid bare. In fact, to the diligent reader the story can almost be recommended as a hand-book and ready reference guide to speculation. Talk of the market and of financial coups is thick and fast, and even when the author philosophizes, as he frequently does through the four hundred printed pages, money is his text. It would, however, be unfair to criticise Mr. Lefèvre for writing in terms of money, when that is frankly what he sets out to do, both in his many short stories which have appeared, as well as in this present book. But he doubtless realizes, as certainly as do his readers, that the history of a hundred Sampson Rocks, even though written with spirit and in faultless Wall Street terminology, will never constitute the great and vital business novel of the present generation.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

An Oneida County Printer: A Bibliography of the Press at Utica, N. Y., from 1803 to 1838. By John C. Williams; with an Introduction by Ellis H. Roberts. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $12.50.

This volume is an important accession to the list of American local bibliographies. More than a bibliography of Utica imprints from 1803 to 1838, it is also an account of the life and work of William Williams, whose enterprise made Utica an important publishing centre for more than a quarter of a century. The author, John Camp Williams of Morristown, N. J., is a descendant of this Oneida County printer, and has therefore enjoyed unusual facilities for securing material. The book has been printed in sumptuous style at the Gillis Press.

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Nowadays, though there are important book-printing establishments at Albany, Binghamton, and other smaller cities of the State, practically no books are published in the State outside of New York city. Before this city had gained such a preponderance, the printers of many of the interior towns such as Peekskill, Poughkeepsie, Albany, Hudson, Utica, Bath, Cooperstown, etc., were publishers. The first press at Utica was established in July, 1798, by William McLean, who was proprietor of a newspaper, the *Whitestown Gazette and Cato's Patrol*. In August, 1799, another printer, Thomas Walker, came from Rome, near by, and set up a rival paper, the *Columbian Gazette*. While it is likely that, besides these weekly papers, various pamphlets, if not more pretentious books, appeared from these two printing offices before 1803, a quarto of twenty-three pages by Jonas Platt, "To the People of Oneida County," dated at the end, October 1, 1800, seems to be all that has survived. The Lenox Library possesses a copy. The earliest dated pamphlet with a title-page, printed in Utica, which Mr. Williams has been able to trace, was issued in 1803, by Thomas Walker: "A Vindication of the Measures of the Present Administration," by Algernon Sydney.

In 1800 William McLean received as an apprentice his brother-in-law, William Williams. The young man worked in the shop in various capacities as printer, book-binder, engraver on wood, and editor. Meanwhile the business frequently changed hands until in 1807 the style of the firm became Seward & Williams. In 1808, Williams started to manufacture the paper upon which some of his books, as well as the bills of the Utica bank, were printed. From this date onward for thirty years the issues of his press were numerous. While most of them were school books, some were of a more pretentious character. "The Utica Directory," containing 466 names of persons and firms, was published in 1817. In 1829, four editions of Elder David Bernard's "Light of Masonry," a volume of over 500 pages, were published.

The book contains a mezzotint portrait of William Williams, etched by S. Arlent-Edwards, a colored photogravure portrait of William Morgan of anti-Masonic fame, and numerous reproductions of title-pages. It is unfortunate that a volume of this character should be without an index.

The Washington manuscripts and letters sold well at Stan. V. Henkels's in Philadelphia, on February 22 and 23. The two little interleaved almanacs used as diaries by Washington, brought $4,300. The first of these, a copy of "The American Repository of Useful Information, containing a Calendar of the present Year," 1795, contained memoranda by Washington on fourteen of the interleaved pages, besides various notes on the printed pages. These manuscript notes by Washington are in large part merely remarks on the weather, but he also jotted down the itinerary of various journeys during the year. The other, and more interesting diary is a copy of "Briggs's Virginia and Maryland Almanac," 1798. It contains forty-five closely-written pages by Washington, telling his whereabouts, what he did, where he dined, etc., for almost every day throughout the year. The record of the weather is also very full, except for a few weeks in July where this entry occurs:

No acc't kept of the Weather and etc. from hence to the end of the Month on acc't of my Sickness which commenced with a fever on the nineteenth and lasted until the 24th, which left me debilitated.

These two almanacs were presented, one to Robert Adams, the other to Mrs. Margaret Adams, in July, 1827, by Judge Bushrod Washington.

On March 1 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will offer at auction the autograph collection of Major William B. Wetmore of Allenhurst, N. J. Some choice items are included, among them a one-page A. L. S. of Washington, Cambridge, January 20, 1776; two autographs of telegrams by Gen. Grant, one from City Point, Va., December 9, 1864, to Major-Gen. Thomas, the other from Prospect Station, Va., April 10, 1865, to Secretary of War Stanton; an A. L. S., two pages, 4to, dated 1758, of Samuel Richardson; letters of Henry Clay, Farragut, Sherman, J. A. Symonds, Victor Hugo, Tennyson, Thackeray, Edward FitzGerald, and others; a sheet of manuscript by Darwin; documents signed by Napoleon Bonaparte, Frederick the Great, the four Georges, Charles II., and James II. On March 4, the same company offers a miscellaneous collection, including a number of desirable, although not especially rare pieces of Americana. About seventy items are catalogued under Indian Narratives and Memoirs. These include the "Life of Black Hawk," Boston, 1834; Morse's "Report on Indian Affairs," New Haven, 1822; Seaver's "Narrative of the Captivity of Mary Jemison," Howden, 1826; Zadock Steele's account of his own captivity and sufferings, Montpelier, 1818, and the Rev. John Williams's "Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion," New Haven, 1802. Among first editions are books by Thoreau, Burroughs, Lang, John Hay, Irving, and T. W. Parsons. On Tuesday, March 5, the same firm sells the library of the Rev. S. L. Bowman of Newark, made up of miscellaneous books with some items of Americana, including nine lots relating to Nantucket and Stiles's "History of Ancient Windsor, Connecticut."

On March 6 and 7, C. F. Libbie & Co., of Boston, sell the library of Thomas Rodney Reynolds of Providence. Sets of the first octavo edition of Audubon's "Birds of America," 1840-1844, 7 vols., and his "Quadrupeds of America," 1846-1854, 3 vols., are the most notable lots. There are also a few first editions of Hawthorne, Irving, Mark Twain, and other American authors, some early printed books, including a Virgil, Venice, 1475, and books from the Kelmscott, Essex House, Vale, and Elston presses.

At an auction to be held by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, on March 16, a manuscript of Burns's "Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled" will be offered; also an exquisitely illuminated manuscript missal executed for Claude de France, daughter of Queen Anne of Brittany and Louis XII., on the occasion of her marriage to Francis I. It is written on 103 leaves of vellum, and contains sixteen full-page miniatures and other paintings.

Causes of the Civil War, 1859-1861. By Rear-Admiral French E. Chadwick. [The American Nation, vol. xix.] New York: Harper & Brothers. $2 net.

Admiral Chadwick's volume is only in part devoted to "causes," the larger portion of the book being occupied with a detailed account of the events, best classed as occasions, which prepared the way for hostilities. The first four chapters, in which the author reviews the political and economic situation in the South between 1850 and 1860, with particular reference to the nature and spread of those ideas, largely derived from Calhoun, on which the theory and practice of secession were based, traverse a part of the ground already gone over in Prof. T. C. Smith's "Parties and Slavery"; but the summing up, permitted here on a larger scale than in any previous volume of this series, skilfully avoids the appearance of repetition, and makes the volume more nearly a unit.

The chronological course of the narrative begins with chapter five, on John Brown's raid. It is an interesting illustration of the newness of our history that writers still think it necessary to dissect, with more or less minuteness, the intellectual and moral powers of Brown, and to apportion the judicial share of excuse or blame upon his associates and sponsors. Admiral Chadwick tells the familiar story effectively and fairly, though hardly, we think, with due appreciation of the chivalrous spirit of Brown and his prominent supporters. Then follow detailed chapters on the rising tide of opposition to the North and the Federal Government in Congress, the long-considered and carefully wrought plans for separation, and the Presidential election of 1860. Only on this last topic does the narrative, with its carefully marshalled wealth of facts, leave something to be desired. The minor political influences and shrewd political management which made Lincoln's nomination possible; the reliance of the Republicans upon the tariff issue, rather than upon slavery, in such States as Pennsylvania; the efforts to defeat Lincoln by fusion in several States; and the bearing of the election returns upon the question of disunion, are matters which, though touched upon, might well have been developed a bit more fully.

The most distinctive contribution of Admiral Chadwick's book, however, is its thorough-going examination of the military and naval situation on the eve of hostilities. The status of the Southern forts in the last months of 1860, for example, is excellently set forth, as are the state of Fort Sumter, the episode of the Star of the West, and the situation at Fort Pickens. Here, obviously, the writer speaks with authority, yet with a breadth of view, a careful regard for balance and perspective, and a subordination of technical detail worthy of hearty commendation. Yet the author does not hesitate to put censure where he thinks it belongs; he condemns Anderson, for example, for failing to help the Star of the West, points out Lincoln's impropriety in issuing orders over the heads of his department chiefs, and censures Scott for the general inefficiency of the army as well as for toying with rebellion on the eve of war. Equally well done, though in more familiar

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fields, are the accounts of Buchanan's vacillating course, of Lincoln's Cabinet trials during the first month of his administration, and of the double policy of negotiation and preparation which the South successfully pursued. Admiral Chadwick does not spare the South or its leaders, though for the most part he lets the simple record of events carry their own condemnation.

The bibliographical chapter, as usual, notes the most important printed authorities. Of manuscript material, the most valuable are the Pickett papers in the Treasury Department at Washington, containing the correspondence of the Confederate commissioners. The map illustrating the John Brown raid, and the chart of Charleston harbor, should be particularly noted as helpful aids.

Letters from Port Royal: Written at the Time of the Civil War. Edited by Elizabeth Ware Pearson. Boston: W. B. Clarke & Co.

When Commodore Dupont on November 7, 1861, captured the forts at Hilton Head and Bay Point, South Carolina, the Sea Island region fell into the hands of the Federals. The planters and their families fled precipitately, and thus left to the conquerors all their possessions, including their human chattels. It was a curious situation in which the Washington Government found itself. It needed the cotton for the Northern market, but what was it to do with the hundreds of slaves which speedily became thousands? Free them it could not, at that time. Yet so improvident and childlike were they, that they were likely to starve if not taken in hand at once and made to work. In brief, it was as difficult a problem as if the Government had suddenly been compelled to take over a slice of Africa, and to assume overnight the moral and material care of a tribe of natives.

Cotton agents were at once dispatched to collect and send to the North the cotton crop on hand, which happened to be the largest ever raised there. But what next? Fortunately, the Treasury Department found in Edward L. Pierce of Milton, Mass., later well known as the biographer of Sumner, a man who had ideas and the ability to carry them out. He had been in charge of the contrabands at Fortress Monroe and had shown his ability there. About him he speedily gathered a notable band of enthusiasts, men and women, from New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, who arrived in Port Royal in March, 1862, to undertake as best they could the work of preparing the slaves for whatever status in life the future held in store for them, and of raising the cotton crop of 1862 on the various plantations.

Few if any of this band knew the colored man or the South. Still fewer were practical farmers. Some speedily proved inadequate to the task; that any succeeded is really cause for wonder, except that these young college men and brave and patient women were as highly inspired as any of our youth who laid down their lives on the battlefields of which the Port Royal pilgrims heard so infrequently. Missionaries they were in the best sense, but without the lessons of older missionaries or the teachings of martyrs to guide them. Yet the zeal for the downtrodden, to whose aid they had hastened, sustained them in the hours of discouragement. How they blundered and struggled on to very considerable success, and how their military superiors seemed in league to ruin their whole undertaking, because of poor judgment, or jealousy, or intrigue, is set forth in the volume before us in their own simple, unaffected words—missives written only for their family circles.

It is a record of unselfish, patriotic endeavor, of which every American can read with pride. For it tells of an undertaking of notable value. This "Port Royal experiment," as it was called, answered forever the question whether the freedman would work without the lash, and would work more economically than the slave, just as the Port Royal regiment raised by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson ended forever speculations as to whether the freedman would fight on the battlefield and fight well. The "Letters" necessarily end before the negro had proved himself worthy of freedom; indeed, the dominant note at the close is one of disappointment and regret. But as the editor, Mrs. Pearson, points out, the very sign of the working of the ferment of freedom was in the freed man, "as a matter of course, unreasonableness, insubordination, untrustworthiness." It is to the everlasting honor of the black race that nothing more serious could be alleged against it in that overwhelmingly sudden transition from the ignorance, degradation, and sloth of slavery to ignorant liberty; and it must not be forgotten that in the isolation of the Sea Islands the negro was probably at his lowest, or more nearly a primitive African than elsewhere in Dixie.

This volume would have been justified if it had merely given us the picture of the blacks of 1862 and portrayed the spirit of those whom one of the blacks called "de fust gang white people been here." It has a special value beyond that. At this time, when the growing acuteness of the negro problem makes it all the more necessary to keep in mind the historical background of that problem, a study like this becomes of special value as an index of the progress the black race has made. As an historically accurate picture of slavery as it really was, it is a most valuable antidote to much misleading gush written by men like Thomas Nelson Page, according to which the unknowing reader might readily believe that the condition of the favored household slave on the 8,000 large estates was a true picture of the whole institution of slavery. The "Letters from Port Royal" have been painstakingly edited and elucidated by Mrs. Pearson. It is interesting to know that of the small group of writers to whose letters she had access, nearly all still survive. Mr. E. G. Philbrick, the principal figure in the executive work in the islands, died in 1889.

Thought and Things: A Study of the Development and Meaning of Thought; or Genetic Logic. Vol. I. Functional Logic, or Genetic Theory of Knowledge. By James Mark Baldwin. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75.

We will say, at once, that this is a most earnest, profound, laborious, systematic analysis of cognition, such as cannot fail to be of continual utility to students of psychology. But this does not mean that the work is fundamentally sound; for the imperfection that belongs to all human works necessarily appears in a philosophical doctrine in the form of error. Now, Professor Baldwin's book, although it is a work of psychology, and although it is the boast of modern psychology that it is a special science, like any other, yet undertakes to solve the deepest problems of philosophy, just as Wundt and many other psychologists profess to do; just as biologists often attack these problems under their several special lights.

What is meant by "Genetic Logic"? This is a hard question. The author devotes an introductory chapter of five and twenty pages to it, without affording any satisfactory reply, although, of course, he supposes that he has done so. Everybody knows what the science of logic, in its proper sense, means. It is the comparative anatomy of arguments. Everybody who has anything like an inside acquaintance with any of the successful sciences knows that an essential to the well-being of any science—its bread and butter, so to speak—is the restriction of every technical word to its strict meaning. Each new scientific conception calls for the manufacture of a new word. Extensions of the application of terms ought to be marked as extensions. When chemists talk of "alcohols," the plural suffices to show that they are not speaking of spirits of wine merely, but when mathematicians speak of symbolical "multiplication" and logicians of logical "multiplication," their practice begins to be rash. Although generalization should be as free as air, still generalization ought to find some modified form of expression showing that it is generalization. The reflections of any mind that takes its part in the present life of science must bring all this home with insistence; but before the days of Young and Lavoisier, or when Buffon was at the head of biology, it had not yet become manifest; so we can find ample excuse for Kant, that, having a multitude of new conceptions to introduce into philosophy, he should have sought to render them acceptable by giving them the names of more or less obsolescent conceptions more or less analogous to them. Along with much still worse wrenched nomenclature, he spoke of "transcendental logic"; and Professor Baldwin's "genetic logic" is by no means unlike an elaboration of that part of Kant's "transcendental logic" which was omitted from the second edition of the great "Critik"; and was omitted, not, we take it, because the great philosopher thought its substance erroneous, but because he thought it irrelevant even to "transcendental" logic.

It would be interesting to trace out the history of logic from a little before Kant until to-day, and to show how, as physical ideas acquired predominating influence, and as the so-called "moral" sciences aped the physical sciences, the original idea of logic as the study of how reasoning ought to proceed sank to the idea of how the human mind normally and regularly does proceed. The old-fashioned or pure logician will tell you that the question whether an argument is sound or not has nothing in the world to do with how men think, but is simply and

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solely whether the being of the facts virtually premised (including the facts of the order and effect upon the mind of its experiences), does or does not include the fact inferred. These things the psychological logicians hardly discuss. They analyze the process of development of thinking; how, precisely, from sensation we come to perception, from perception to memory, from memory to imagination, from imagination to fancy and playing, and so on to thought. One of Professor Baldwin's reasons for calling his investigation "Genetic Logic" is that he undertakes very minutely to trace out this "progression" or series of "progressions," as he holds that it takes place in the mind of every man, every time he thinks.

But he has a further reason. Professor Baldwin's studies of the minds of two children are famous, all the world over. He believes, and many psychologists, no doubt, believe with him, that he accurately interpreted all the stages through which the consciousness of those children passed, from birth until they became as easy of study as are the minds of grown persons. Now, without being explicit, he pretty plainly thinks that the stages of growth of the child's mind are, to an important degree, reproduced in the "progressions" of the mental representations of the grown person, every time he thinks. In this second respect his "logic" is genetic. But it is more than inconvenient that it should be called logic. After explaining, none too lucidly, in his first chapter, what he means by "genetic logic," the author remarks:

> There will doubtless be many who refuse to follow the use of the term logic here suggested, especially among those who find it impossible to give up the tradition. . . . [Tradition is simply everything in the use of words, and especially of terms of science.] Those who wish to call it Psychology, or Epistemology, may be free to do so with no fear of doing the work injustice. As to names, *chacun à son goût.*

Ah, but here is a great misapprehension. It is by no means a question of taste; for the fact is that Professor Baldwin does not call this "logic" as if he had called it "subcutaneous pneumatics," or by any other meaningless vocable. He calls it so under the impression that it is a legitimate generalization of the traditional meaning of the term "logic." He is evidently quite unaware that he and the pure logician inhabit different universes. They not less do so than two persons of whom, throughout a long debate on "reminiscence," one by that term should understand the beating of brains in the effort to recall experiences, while the other should all the time mean the events remembered.

What the real nature of Professor Baldwin's book is, so far as a careful study of the published third of it discloses, is a psychological analysis of the operations of cognition; and so considered, it appears to the reviewer to be a signal setting forward of science, what the Germans would call, by an exaggeration customary with them, an "epoch-making" work. This judgment by no means implies that the theory is true in all its details: it rather implies the contrary. Indeed, we venture to think that at least one error permeates the whole, while many of the steps of the proposed progressions are open to no slight nor vague doubt, even if we grant, what the author has by no means proved, that there is any one invariable process by which thought is developed. But the reason why, in our opinion, the publication must serve as a precious landmark in future investigations, is that it lays down, for the first time, a definite project of structure of the theory of cognition in great detail. When one has to build a house, at length a definite plan is drawn, in which all the conditions—the utilities, the prices of one and another kind of masonry, the sizes of timber that are staple, etc.—are duly considered; and this first plan becomes, from the time of its execution, the focus of study out of which the veritable building plan is to be evolved. It is a plan to be pulled to pieces, to be patched up, and perhaps, at last, to be discarded. Yet otherwise than by the aid of such a preliminary plan, a thoroughly satisfactory house can hardly be had. Just such a preliminary project it is, with which Professor Baldwin has now enriched the psychology of cognition. The mere vocabulary of well-considered new technical terms—some fifty in number—that this volume expounds is in itself a precious gift to psychological investigation. For with each of these new terms there goes a valuable new conception.

We fear the reader of this volume, who has most likely found it pretty difficult and complicated, will be almost staggered when we say that we believe the prevalent fault of the theory to be that it makes the structure of thought and of ideas to be too simple. We only mean, however, that it is too simple in a certain definite respect; namely; that what the author calls "dualistic"—that is, referring to two subjects, or objects—is sometimes rather triadic; while the projective consciousness which he admirably describes, but which according to him involves no dualism and we grant does not explicitly recognize two subjects, must, as we venture to think, in order to be projective, regard the objects perceived as differing from others by their insistent presence. If so, there must certainly be a dualism, however little it be recognized. For insistence implies something resisted, and where there is resistance there must be effort, and effort with its correlative resistance is clearly dualistic. Moreover, the author frequently speaks of the "meaning" of an "object." It appears to us that meaning belongs exclusively to signs; and a sign, as the medium between two minds or between an object and an idea, and being so regarded, however obscurely, must involve a triplet.

A Tour of Four Great Rivers, the Hudson, Mohawk, Susquehanna, and Delaware, in 1769. Being the Journal of Richard Smith of Burlington, New Jersey. Edited, with a short history of the pioneer settlements, by Francis W. Halsey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Smith's Journal called for just such an editor as Mr. Halsey, who has the topographical mind, and has made the paths of long ago clear if not straight. It is conceivable, however, that another editor might have compressed his preface, which is nearly half the book, into a closer narrative of the settlements later considered in the Journal, and used a large part of what was left as direct elucidation, by way of foot-notes. It would not then be necessary for the reader to carry in memory the whole body of what the editor has to say in explanation of a long and somewhat intricate story.

Richard Smith (brother of Samuel Smith, the early historian of New Jersey) was only thirty-four when he took this journey with the definite object of surveying the Otego patent of 69,000 acres on the Susquehanna, which included large parts of the present town of Oneonta and Otego, south of Cooperstown. The charm and value of his Journal is its remarkable directness. Mr. Smith went out to inspect land, and he stuck to his task with a self-restraint as commendable as rare in a diarist. The situation, the character, the possibilities of the land are carefully noted, its accessibility, the nearness to water, the outlook for timber, and the possible crops. He was not, however, unobservant of the incidents of the journey of 676 miles, made between March and June, through a country which seemed new and wild to his eyes, though, as Mr. Halsey says, it had all been known to Europeans for a much longer period than that from the Revolutionary war down to the present day.

The enormous holdings of the great patroons of the Hudson Valley and elsewhere—the Van Rensselaer, Philipse, Van Cortlandt, Livingston, or other manors—all impressed our traveller. Mr. Halsey's observations on these great estates, and the sparseness of the population, lead him to the conclusion that such a system of land-holdings "retarded the growth of the Hudson Valley." He might justly have added that the evil effects of this system can still be discerned in such spots as Burden, or Staatje.

Smith's writing shows him to have been possessed of a mellow temper, and a mind of some cultivation. Even without Mr. Halsey's historical companionship, the *Journal* (not hitherto unknown, but now printed entire for the first time) would have been good reading. The several plates of houses and scenes with which the editor has enriched his volume, if not novelties to the historian, bear republication and illustrate the text very well. Several unfortunate blunders of the printer or the proof-reader disclose themselves in the Introduction, but the *Journal* itself is a satisfactory reproduction of a valuable manuscript. The index, too, calls for a good word: it is full, yet not complicated; but why, pray, was it not strictly alphabetical?

Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea. A Memoir. By Lord Stanmore. With portraits and illustrations. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net.

Never did luckless biographer advertise his embarrassments and misgivings more frankly than Lord Stanmore. He had "somewhat rashly" promised Lady Herbert years ago to undertake this memoir, but did not then know how great were the difficulties of the task. Sidney Herbert's life was short, and not highly eventful. "His name is not connected with any great and striking act, either of domestic or foreign policy." He was, by the testimony of all who knew him, a man of singular personal charm and sweetness of character, but how can the delicate aroma of such a nature be

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conveyed to a later generation, especially when the written material at hand is so meagre? In such circumstances, says Lord Stanmore, the only recourse is a "bare recital of outer events" with "a sketch of the times in which he lived"; though he admits that the consequent product "can hardly be classed among true biographies." Nevertheless, having pledged his word, he puts his pen to the work, "though I fear the result will be as unsatisfactory to my readers as it is to myself." This is a portentous *caveat* to nail up on the door to 900 octavo pages!

The net impression could have been better made in one-third the space. The terrific *longueurs* about Herbert's work in the War Office relate mostly to such obsolete technicalities and burned-out controversies that they pall horribly on the reader. The personal side of the man is attractively brought out. There was strength in his sweetness. His political sagacity was excellent. Of all the little group of Peelites that survived dolefully under Derby and Palmerston, looking so long in vain for a rest for their feet, none was more shrewd in counsel than Herbert. Sir James Graham was constantly deferring to him. Gladstone frequently consulted him. Several new letters of Gladstone's are given in these volumes. He was a fast friend of Herbert's from Oxford days, and deeply mourned his premature end. But when it is said that Herbert was a man of winning grace and thorough chivalry—well named after that Sir Philip Sidney from whose family the Pembroke Herberts are proud to trace their descent—and that he had talents for public life which, had length of days been granted him, might have made his name eminent, all has been said.

The Cambridge "Apostles." By Frances M. Brookfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is a book that it would be pleasant to speak well of, if that were possible, from the kindly feeling towards the Brookfields raised by "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle," and the interest attaching to many of the characters discussed—Hallam and Tennyson, Milnes and Maurice, Trench and Sterling. If it had been entitled "Sketches of William H. Brookfield and his Friends," it might have passed muster as a chatty volume, not very deep in matter, and not always pure in style, but fairly amusing. But to handle the Cambridge "Apostles" rightly is quite another thing; and to one behind the scenes this is not a good book.

A cynic—*i. e.*, a Harvard senior—once said in an essay that when a man had a secret to keep he simply said nothing about it; if a woman had one, she informed everybody that she had a secret, and then set to work keeping it hard. There is a similar distinction between the Cambridge Apostles and the "secret" societies of American colleges. The Apostles are secret because they never talk about themselves or each other among outsiders; never announce their meetings, wear no badges, and act as if they had never heard of such a thing. There was not the same secrecy in the early days of the society, the twenties and early thirties, which is the period Mrs. Brookfield has tried to write about, and which she proclaims as the heroic and golden age—nay, the only real existence of the society. But it is so now, and it has been so for sixty years. The Cambridge Conversazione Society, which is still its official name, savoring of a bygone age, was founded in 1824 by George Tomlinson, afterwards bishop of Gibraltar (whom for some inscrutable reason Mrs. Brookfield calls Henry). The date is significant, for had it been in existence a few years earlier, Macaulay would surely have been a most prominent member. The object was discussion with absolute freedom, entirely released from the conventional shackles which fettered almost all thought among those who claimed to be gentlemen and scholars. Among the early Apostles the discussions were mainly on literature, particularly poetry; later they have turned more to metaphysical and moral subjects.

The society was never large, and what determined the election of any member is known only to the members. They will not tell, and the outside herd could not understand if they did. Mrs. Brookfield not only makes her father-in-law head the book as "the Friend of the Apostles," but gently hints that one great claim of the Apostles to distinction is that they were his friends. Yet he was not a member of the society. She gives no reason; one can easily be given. They did not think him sufficiently Apostolic.

For several years after its institution the society maintained no particular secrecy. It is a tradition that the various elections and rejections made it extremely unpopular. Moreover, a theory was started that when its members left Cambridge they all became members of the Sterling Club, which was firmly believed to be a society of avowed infidels, as may be seen by any one who will read "Mr. Brown's letter to his nephew" in Thackeray's Miscellanies. At all events, the society in Cambridge dwindled to William Vernon Harcourt and James FitzJames Stephen, both men with infinite capacity for everything, especially making themselves disagreeable. When they ceased to reside, the word went about that the Apostles had ceased to be, in the present or future—only they had not. They simply stopped all publicity and became absolutely secret, to eye or ear. Since then they have numbered members fully worthy to compete with those whom Mrs. Brookfield considers peerless. F. W. Farrar, Ernest Bowen, Henry and Arthur Sidgwick, George Trevelyan, Henry Jackson, Frederick Pollock, Gerard Balfour, are not men for anybody to look down upon. There have been three American members, of whom the second, alas! is no more—William Everett, Frank Eustace Anderson, and George Lockhart Rives.

If any one asks to know more of them, he had better go to Cambridge University as an undergraduate, show without the least attempt at canvassing, and particularly without ever talking about the Apostles, that he can see things as they are; let him be learned without pedantry, argumentative without prolixity, a disputant who never gives offence, an independent thinker who enters into others' thoughts; as warm-hearted as Cicero, as good-humored as Ariosto, as humble as Newton, as fearless as Bentley; in short, let him give his days and nights to the biography of Henry Sidgwick.

Science.

The Electron Theory: A Popular Introduction. By E. E. Fournier d'Albe. With a preface by G. Johnstone Stoney. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

Fournier d'Albe writes perfect English, agreeably and lucidly; and his book could be mastered by an intelligent boy. It would be easier to read, however, if the author would not interrupt his train of thought with paragraphs and even pages whose substance, however essential to the whole theory, forms no part of the matter he is endeavoring to communicate in the particular context. Thus, in one place, having mentioned how a certain quantity can be calculated by successive approximations, he breaks off and gives several pages to what amounts to an elucidation of the catch about Achilles and the tortoise. So likewise Mr. Fournier interrupts reasonings which nowise depend upon the magnitudes of the objects, to tell us in terms of quadrillions and quadrillionths how they compare with familiar quantities, as if we were in truth familiar with quadrillions. Nevertheless, to those who know what to skip for a time, turning back to it afterwards, he presents a clear conception of the consequences of the truth of the Electron Theory.

It is not the extreme form of that theory that is here presented, that form which demands that one should uproot all his conceptions of matter, and that leaves one drifting in a dimly lit ocean without compass or rudder. The theory as here set forth demands no admissions beyond such as every physicist must confess to be, if not quite proved, yet to be recommended by experimental confirmations of virtual predictions required by the theory. The theory itself consists of half-a-dozen clauses. From these follow the multitudinous phenomena of electricity and magnetism, so simply and clearly that no other way has yet been suggested in which they can all be so clearly held together before the mind. Even if the theory were known to be false, it would be of high utility as enabling one to grasp, in a unitary way, all the effects of electricity. But the supposition that it may be false is a mere fanciful possibility.

Of course it can be, and most likely is, false in the sense in which every similar representation is false; namely, in implying that there are no differences, distinctions, details, where such there really are. For example, atoms were once supposed to be indivisible wholes; but now we learn that even an atom of hydrogen consists of at least a thousand independent corpuscles, while other atoms contain more in proportion to their atomic weights. The electron theory supposes all the electrons to be absolutely alike; or rather, it does not suppose them to be unlike. But as atoms have been proved to be complex structures, the science of the future, if it does not disappoint conjecture, will find that the same is true of the electron. We must expect that time will show the electron theory to be in one respect and another insufficient. Yet, in that sense in which the atomic theory, crude and ill-supported as it was, and tottering like a

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"rocking-stone," nevertheless still stands, we may with well-grounded confidence put our trust in the endurance of the new theory. At any rate, of one thing we may be well assured—that there is no avenue except the electron theory, as it is expounded in this little volume, through which one can so easily gain an acquaintance with all the phenomena of electricity—with the Seebeck effect, the Thomson effect, the Peltier effect, the Hall effect, the Ettinghausen effect, the Leduc effect, the Zeemann effect, and all the rest—and render their relationships to one another as familiar to our minds as those of all our aunts, our nephews and nieces, our second cousins, and cousins by former wives. There are other books on the subject that are more pretentious, but to our average reader we recommend this as most accurately meeting his probable wants.

"The Principles of Microscopy" (The Macmillan Co.), by Sir A. E. Wright, is a scientific treatise on the optical technique of the microscope, exclusive of actual microscopic work and study. The theme is illustrated at every step by an exhaustive series of experiments, leading from simple to more complex optical problems, culminating in the demonstration of the actual stage-picture and the magnified image. Eighteen full-page colored plates, a large number of text cuts, and a tiny diffraction grating in a pocket at the end of the volume are additional aids to the elucidation of this difficult subject. An exhaustive index leaves the critic with nothing but praise for the thoroughness which marks every step in the treatment of the subject. Every microscopist whose interest in his work extends beyond the objective material will obtain from this book not only a clear conception of optical laws, but many useful hints for improving the microscopic image and rectifying optical errors.

Nos. 94 to 96 of the Communications from the Physical Laboratory of the University of Leyden, by Prof. Dr. H. Kamerlingh Onnes, director of the laboratory, have just appeared, and well maintain the character of the series. The special note of the work of this, perhaps the greatest, centre of cryogenic work in the world is thoroughness and accuracy. A few titles will indicate the scope of the series: A Modified Cryostat; A Cryostat for temperatures —252 degrees to —259 degrees; Purification of Gases by Cooling and Compression; How to Obtain Baths of Constant Temperature by means of Liquid Hydrogen; Comparison of the Thermo-Element Constantin-steel with the Hydrogen Thermometer. All are in English. In an early number, Professor Onnes gave his reasons for preferring English to French in these Communications.

"L'Annuaire," published by the Longitude Bureau at Paris, and "Annuaire Astronomique et Météorologique," by Camille Flammarion, both for 1907, are at hand. In addition to the usual data and information contained in the first, noted in these columns in previous years, may be mentioned three appendices of importance. One of them relates to the diameter of Venus by Bouquet de la Grye. The second is a note by the same writer upon the fifteenth conference of the International Geodetic Association at Budapesth last September. The third paper is by Henri Deslandres upon certain researches on the sun as related to the stars. "L'Annuaire" continues to be the most compact manual for scientific information anywhere published.

Three pamphlets have recently been issued by the director of the Solar Observatory on Mount Wilson, California, Prof. George E. Hale. The first is his report, taken from the fifth Year Book of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, for the year ending September 30, 1906. It is illustrated, and records a number of interesting advances. He announces a gift of $45,000 from John D. Hooker for a mirror 100 inches in diameter and fifty feet focal length. Already the observatory possesses a sixty-inch reflector, and its work is so satisfactory that this larger one is peculiarly welcome. Completion of the instrument is not expected before the end of four years, during which time it is hoped that funds for its mounting will be forthcoming. The first of the other two pamphlets relates also to the new 100-inch reflector, and the second to a vertical cœlostat telescope which is to be employed on certain solar problems for which present appliances are not especially adapted.

Circulars 123 and 124 of Harvard College Observatory are concerned with (1) photographs of very faint stars, and (2) stars having peculiar spectra; also eighteen new variable stars. Information is frequently desired regarding extremely faint stars, and astronomers having collections of photographs showing these objects are urged to publish their material, or to send the information to Cambridge.

Volume II. of the Annals of the Royal Observatory of Edinburgh, just received, contains a catalogue of stars for the epoch 1840, based on a new and independent reduction of the meridian observations made at the old site of the observatory on Calton Hill by Thomas Henderson, the first astronomer royal for Scotland.

The first volume of memoirs from a new observatory at Tortosa in Spain has been issued. The institution is under the direction of Father R. Cirera, S.J., and attached to a college of Jesuit fathers. The present volume announces that the observatory has been established largely to study the relationship between solar activity and terrestrial phenomena of an electric and magnetic character.

England has an Association for the Promotion of Flight. To be certain that no mercenary or merely commercial motives shall have influence, its successes will be practically handed over to the nation free of cost. The provisional committee includes the Hon. C. A. Parsons, F.R.S.; Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., and Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell. The latter, now president of the Aeronautical Society, explains in the London *Times* how this new association is to differ from the earlier clubs. Its appeal for funds will be to the public, its results for them.

An Oceanographical Laboratory was formally opened in Edinburgh on January 16 with an address by the Prince of Monaco. The gathering together and arrangement of the material have been going on for years, and represent the work of eight scientific expeditions in the Arctic and Antarctic seas.

The *Geographical Journal* for February contains, under the felicitous title "The Snows of the Nile," the Duke of the Abruzzi's account of his exploration of Mt. Ruwenzori given to the Royal Geographical Society last month. The principal results we have already published. It is illustrated by a map and six plates. J. S. Gardiner contributes information in regard to the inhabitants and the agricultural products, especially vanilla, of the Seychelles archipelago, as well as to its history, fauna, and flora. Since it is a possible link between India and Africa, it presents innumerable problems to the oceanographer and the student of evolution and geographical distribution. Having apparently had no human inhabitants till modern times, it appears to be producing, out of French and Anglo-Saxon elements and blacks from India, Madagascar and every part of Africa, a new race of mankind with a peculiar tongue. The archipelago is absolutely free from fever and malaria. In a population of 21,000 nearly half the deaths are from old age. Other articles are a summary of the results of a nine years' survey and exploration in northern and central China by Lieut.-Col. Wingate, and notes of a journey through the western Himalayas by Dr. T. G. Longstaff.

In the *National Geographic Magazine* for February our minister to Ecuador, the Hon. J. Lee, gives an account of a trip from the principal seaport, Guayaquil, by railway and diligence to Quito. Owing to the great differences of elevation there is every variety of climate and agricultural products, from cocoa, cotton, and bananas in the coast land to wheat and corn on the high plateaux. For developing these industries he emphasizes the need of foreign capital. The bathing and burning ghats, at Benares, India, are graphically described by Miss E. R. Scidmore. The important problem of the duration of our coal supply is discussed intelligently by M. R. Campbell of the Geological Survey, with the aid of several diagrams and a chart, from which we learn that "the coal fields of Montana are more extensive than those of any other State." His conclusion is that if the "appalling" increase of consumption during the past ninety years be maintained," our coal will practically be exhausted within one hundred years." An interesting review of Scott's "Voyage of the Discovery" is illustrated by twenty remarkable pictures of Antarctic scenery.

Prof. Henri Moissan, who last December received the Nobel prize for his experiments in the isolation of fluorine, his researches into its nature, and his application of the electric furnace to scientific uses, died last week Wednesday, after an operation for appendicitis. He was born in Paris in 1852, and in 1879 he became connected with the École supérieure de pharmacie in Paris. Later he was professor of mineral chemistry at this institution. He won the Lacaze prize in 1887 for his valuable experiments with fluorine, which he was the first to isolate and liquefy. His most striking success was the artificial production of diamonds by the sudden cooling of molten iron or silver impregnated with carbon (1893-94). More practical was his simplification of the production of acetylene gas.

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He wrote many articles on the results of his researches, beginning with "Étude de la respiration végétale," 1874.

Prof. Alfred Kirchhoff, naturalist and geographer, has died at Leipzig. Born in 1838, he studied at Jena and Bonn, and in 1873 was appointed professor of geography at Halle. Among his books are "Schulbotanik," "Schulgeographie," and "Schulzgebiete des deutschen Reichs."

A committee representing the city and university of Bologna, and numbering among its members many distinguished foreign scholars, has sent invitations to the colleges and universities of this country to join in commemorating the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of the eminent Bolognese naturalist, Ulisse Aldrovandi. The exercises will be held June 12, 1907, the assumed birthday of the University of Bologna.

Drama.

MANSFIELD IN "PEER GYNT."

Richard Mansfield's stage version of "Peer Gynt"—at all events it is called the Richard Mansfield acting version—which was produced in the New Amsterdam Theatre on Monday evening, must have proved a bitter offence, or a great disillusionment, to the majority of Ibsen worshippers, who had assembled in great force to witness it. To the ordinary theatregoer, unversed in the Norwegian drama, it must have brought disappointment and probably bewilderment. Seldom have managerial mountains in labor produced a much feebler dramatic mouse. The simple fact is that the stage adaptation of the work has been conceived and carried out upon entirely wrong principles, although it does not follow that even the most judicious treatment could convert an essentially undramatic satirical poem into an effective play. "Peer Gynt" is for the library, not for the stage. Under the most favorable circumstances it would be almost impossible to get much of its broader meaning across the footlights, while the satire and the humor in it leave too much to the imagination to exercise their full force in the theatre. As for the finer poetical and literary qualities, they, of course, disappear or, at most, survive only in a very weakened degree.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the injustice which Ibsen has suffered. Even those who least admire him must resent such reckless misrepresentation. The earlier acts, with all the troll business—which seems rather puerile in action for all its satirical significance—are given in something like their proper shape, although many of the more serious and significant passages, which lend a sort of dignity to what is otherwise rather trivial, are suppressed, but, in the last half of the drama, scene after scene is skeletonized or thrown out altogether, without reference to sense or proportion. Only a few of these ruthless cuts can be mentioned here. Scarcely anything is left of Peer's soliloquies in the desert after the destruction of his yacht; the entire Anitra episode is cut out, together with the Memnon, Sphynx, and Madhouse scenes; the shipwreck incident ends with the sinking of the vessel; not a word is given of the sermon over the body of the young man who had mutilated himself—one of the very finest bits in the whole book—while all the closing scenes have been so furiously slashed as to be incoherent and ridiculous. Speaking broadly, it may be said that from first to last the adapter's chief motives seem to have been to keep the star as much in the middle of the stage as possible, and to subordinate everywhere mere literature to theatrical or scenic opportunity. Consequently, the representation, although striking as a spectacle and interesting in its local color, was of very small account as drama and largely negligible as a manifestation of Ibsen. There were only one or two points at which the spirit of the poem was caught, such as the fight with the Boyg and the shipwreck scene. The legitimate effect of Ase's death was missed, Mr. Mansfield not grasping the spirit of it. In acting Peer he clearly appeared to be more anxious to secure the good will of the audience than to bring out the significance of the character. Whether a stage performance of Ibsen's fantastic work, in whole or in part, is desirable, in the interests of art, is uncertain. The merits of this present experiment can not be judged by its success, which must be ascribed chiefly to curiosity.

On March 4, Ben Greet's players will begin their season at the Garden Theatre, offering Shakespeare, with a maximum of text and a minimum of scenic adornment. Mr. Greet will begin here with "The Merchant of Venice," which will be followed by "Macbeth," "As You Like It," and "Julius Cæsar." In Holy Week he will revive "Everyman," when the leading character will be played by a young man.

Only two weeks more remain of the engagement of Miss Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern at the Lyric Theatre. In general it has proved successful, not only in an artistic, but in a commercial sense. The house has been full at every performance, the public, as usual, showing itself ready to support drama of a higher quality than that which is ordinarily provided. The demand for Shakespeare is particularly noteworthy.

The death is announced, at the age of eighty-four years, of the veteran English actor, Arthur Augustus Wood, the associate of most of the famous players of at least two generations. He was a highly intelligent and useful performer in almost every variety of comedy. He supported Macready and the elder Farren.

Dr. Max Nordau's play, "A Question of Honor," has been translated by Mrs. Mary J. Safford, and will soon be published by John W. Luce & Co. of Boston.

Music.

Thirty Piano Compositions by Felix Mendelssohn. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

There was a time when every schoolgirl was singing the songs of Mendelssohn and playing his "Songs Without Words" on the pianoforte. That was during his lifetime and the quarter-century following his death. Then came a reaction. As the more thoroughly romantic works of Schubert, Chopin, and Schumann came more into vogue, Mendelssohn fell into neglect. His songs and instrumental pieces seemed faded; much use had made them threadbare. But this temporary neglect proved a blessing in disguise; within the last five years there has been a noticeable disposition to try this music again and see whether it really is obsolete; and many have found, to their pleasant surprise, that a considerable proportion of it had been buried alive and is capable of resurrection.

The inclusion in Oliver Ditson's Musicians' Library of two volumes devoted to Mendelssohn's pianoforte pieces, is in itself proof of the renewed interest. One of these volumes, now in press, contains the "Songs Without Words"; the other, which lies before us, has eight of these instrumental "songs," the other pieces being chiefly selections from the sonatas, the characteristic pieces, the capriccios, the preludes, studies, and sets of variations, including the best of all his piano pieces, the "Variations Sérieuses." The volume is edited by Percy Goetschius, who has supplied useful hints regarding fingering and interpretation, and Daniel Gregory Mason, who is responsible for the introductory essay.

Mr. Mason does not attempt to conceal Mendelssohn's shortcoming. He concedes that there is a lack of virility; that "his blood was not red, his feelings were not impetuous, his passions were not deep." His expression is generally either gay and brilliant, or sentimental and sweet; "it is surprising how he harps on these two strings." His style is marred by a similar monotony: "He sticks to a key, . . . as a bee sticks to a flower." Yet, after all, it is only emotionally that he falls short; "in symmetry of form, in purity of style, in all those invaluable qualities, in a word, that are traceable to the mind rather than to the heart, Mendelssohn is undeniably great." Perhaps he would not have fallen into temporary neglect had he not, though naturally inclined to romanticism, shown such a strong distaste for some of the most striking aspects of romanticism, the *tempo rubato*, for instance. Mr. Mason refers to the "simple, unfurbelowed loveliness" of Mendelssohn's melodies, but fails to call attention to the fact that it is this melodic charm which pleads most eloquently for the restoration of his music to popular favor in these days of melodic drought.

Some years ago G. Schirmer printed a "Catalogue of Musical Literature and Theoretical Works," making a pamphlet of 116 pages, with special sections devoted to English, German, and French books, followed by a subject index. This pamphlet has now been reprinted, preceded by a supplement of 61 pages, containing a list of the important publications of the years 1903 to 1905, under the same arrangement. The more important titles are usually followed by a few lines of comment, which help to make the catalogue a valuable guide to students and amateurs.

Oscar Hammerstein's zeal for reviving operas that once were popular is not likely to last very long if he has a few more experiences like those which attended his

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production of Thomas's "Mignon" and Delibes's "Dinorah." The interest in the Thomas opera, which had a fairly good cast, did not suffice for two paying audiences, while "Dinorah," with a mediocre cast, did not draw one such audience, wherefore the manager wisely decided to drop all but the second act (together with the splendid overture with chorus) and present that on Saturday evening, together with "Cavalleria Rusticana," and the fifth act of "Faust." An occasional procedure like this does no serious harm to art, and it must be conceded that, on the whole, Mr. Hammerstein has kept his performances at a high artistic level. It is, therefore, a pleasure to record the fact that the financial results of his first season have been sufficiently encouraging to warrant his making arrangements for a second season. More attention, he promises, is to be paid next winter to the Wagner operas. As a sample, we are to have "The Flying Dutchman," with a cast including Mme. Melba and MM. Dalmores and Renaud. On Melba nights the Manhattan is always crowded.

The programme for the seventh concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, includes Schumann's "Manfred" overture, Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, Grieg's poetic piano-forte concerto, which will be played by Mme. Samaroff, and Beethoven's "Leonore" overture.

Lovers of *a cappella* singing will have the opportunity of hearing sacred and secular music sung by the choir of the Musical Art Society on Thursday evening, March 7, when the second concert of the fourteenth season will be given in Carnegie Hall. Examples of the old Flemish and German masters and of Italian and Russian and German composers of more modern days will be sung. An "Ave Maria" by Mendelssohn for eight-part chorus, soli, and organ, and the Elegy by Beethoven, with string accompaniment, will be given.

Art.

The Collector's Manual. By N. Hudson Moore. With 336 engravings, and with borders by Amy Richards. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. $5 net.

This is a valuable guide to the study of such decorative objects as are commonly sought by collectors. The book has somewhat the air of a "parlor-table book" of not the highest character, with a would-be ornamental border for the letter-press and another for the photographic plates. These borders increase needlessly the size and weight of the volume: it measures 8x 10¾ inches, and it might well have been two inches shorter and narrower. Yet no prejudice excited by these features should keep any one from examining the book, for each chapter will probably help a person who would know what wise and experienced collectors are in search of. The chapter on glassware, for example, which we select almost at random, contains a surprising amount of useful suggestion. Only now and then a very well-informed student will note some omission. The arrangement, to be sure, is not methodical; the qualities and peculiarities of cut-glass, engraved glass, "Bohemian" glass, Venice glass, and the rest are not treated under separate heads, as in a book of reference. For this chapter there are thirty-nine separate photographs representing perhaps sixty different objects, arranged on sixteen plates; and these half-tones are fairly good, and are large enough to illustrate the text. Among the specimens there are few of very splendid or precious wares: but such pieces as the collector may find in the better shops and now and then at auction sales, are well presented.

Chapter i. deals with furniture—sideboards and dining-tables; ii., pottery and some rather modern porcelains—Spode and Parian, Bristol, and Crown-Derby; iii. returns to furniture, such as chairs, armchairs, and sofas; iv., glass; v., chests, wrought iron and wood, cupboards and cabinets; vi., brass hollow-ware, and candlesticks. Pewter does *not* follow next, but is put after two detached chapters on wooden furniture and one on pottery, as well as the essay on old clocks. And so, by a disorderly advance, one reaches chapter xiii. at last, and some potteries of special kinds—Staffordshire dogs, Crown-Derby shepherdesses, Pennsylvania birds, a cow and a poodle from the Bennington works in Vermont, and cottage-ornaments and toys of various provenience.

The book is evidently the work of a practised and ardent pursuer of this peculiar game, one, moreover, who can point to what exists in old books about his favorite sport. The extracts from Elizabethan and Jacobean authors, for instance, are much to the purpose. And yet the space occupied by rather useless borders might well be filled with careful footnotes. There is a full list of illustrations and a satisfactory index.

"A Book of English Gardens," by M. R. Gloag, illustrated by Katharine Montagu Wyatt, is published by the Macmillan Co. It is more than possible that the text of this attractive volume was written to fit the pictures, and hence it is not surprising that there is a misfit here and there. But despite the imperfect coördination, the treatise is admirable in its way. The formal, or geometrical, style of laying out gardens has more than once been carried to excess. Largely owing to the fact that the formal style, taken all in all, is rather more costly than the so-called natural, or English, style, and always suggests extravagance, it has become a favorite among the suddenly rich, who desire to impress their neighbors. Italian gardens, as some of these creations are improperly called, are thrust into the rigors of a northern climate where neither skies nor soil can ever be propitious. There has been an inevitable reaction in favor of a more natural method, which has in turn become absurd: the freedom of natural combinations has degenerated into a license of tangles and thickets. In revolt against extreme formalism, some architects have gone so far as to reject all hints of it; a few, both in England and France, have even destroyed old formal gardens, in order that the space might be covered by the other type. It is against this bad radicalism that the author and artist protest, and they make out a good case. In no branch of decorative art is the golden mean more to be desired—a mean well expressed by Trollope: Decorate constructions, but do not construct decorations.

"The Garden Beautiful: Home Woods and Home Landscape" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), is another of W. Robinson's interesting contributions to garden literature. He is an attractive writer, who knows how to put sound advice in a telling form, and hence, both as editor and as author, has had a large following of enthusiastic amateurs. The only trouble with his books is the marked tendency to repetition; but this cannot well be avoided where allied subjects are under consideration. The present volume is more or less composite, as if articles from diverse magazines had been brought together without much regard to order or duplication. But, for all this, the book will serve an admirable purpose in directing greater attention to the treatment of woods on large estates, for the sake of beauty rather than mere utility. In many instances the woods constitute the most important feature of the home landscape, and they ought to afford gratification to all who are brought into contact with them. Mr. Robinson has been singularly successful in beautifying an estate; and no doubt much of the counsel here given is based not only upon his extensive acquaintance with current horticultural and arboricultural literature, but upon his own large experience. The volume is in a class by itself, in that it has no illustrations. Practically every other recent treatise on gardening is well filled with excellent reproductions of photographs either in color or in plain black and white.

Salomon Reinach, in a recent address before the Académie des Inscriptions, has presented in a new light the two versions of Leonardo da Vinci's Virgin of the Rocks. In the Louvre example, generally accepted as the original, the angel looks out of the picture and points at the kneeling St. John; in the version of the National Gallery, usually regarded as a copy by Ambrogio da Predis, the angel looks towards the Child. This brings about a certain concentration—an evident improvement in the composition, and the fact has been used to prove that Leonardo introduced this amendment in the cartoon for the replica. M. Reinach's studies lead him to a different result. He suggests that the pose of the angel in the Paris picture was topical, being peculiarly intended for Florentine worshippers. The angel points to the adoring St. John, their patron saint, and bids them emulate him in worship of the Saviour. When Ambrogio da Predis made the copy for a Milanese parish this gesture was changed, less as a conscious correction, than in view of its comparative lack of meaning in the Lombard capital. Incidentally this theory confirms the prevailing view that the Paris Madonna is the earlier and was painted before Leonardo went to Milan in 1483; and also gives an instructive example of a highly sensitive genius conforming itself to what we too scornfully think extra-artistic considerations. M. Reinach's lecture is published in epitome in *La Chronique des Arts* for January 19.

An important canvas by Baldovinetti has

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been discovered in an unfrequented corridor of the Church of San Marco at Florence. It is a crucifixion with San Antonio of Florence kneeling at the foot of the cross. The dimensions are about nine feet by five, the medium tempera, much injured by flaking and repaint. The identification is made by Odoardo H. Giglioli, who describes the picture in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for February.

It is planned to remove to the Hall of the David, in the Accademia, Florence, certain works of Michelangelo at present obscurely or unworthily placed. Already one may see there the torso, in stucco, of a reclining River God, recently ceded by the neighboring Istituto di Belle Arti. Through the generosity of the King, the four unfinished Slaves so fantastically included in the decorations of the Grotto of the Boboli Gardens will also soon be transferred to the Accademia. It is suggested that a similar disposal be made of the other unfinished statues, the Viceroy in the courtyard of the Bargello, and the St. Matthew in the courtyard of the Istituto di Belle Arti. The convenience of such a concentration to students would be considerable, but it is a question whether the pleasures of the art lover would not be diminished by such a reform.

A Reuter telegram from Athens announces that excavations at Thebes have brought to light the ruins of what is believed to have been the palace of King Cadmus, the legendary founder of Thebes. Some remains of the ancient walls of the Cadmea, the acropolis of ancient Thebes, were visible as late as 1890, but seem since to have disappeared. Leake, who visited Thebes in 1805, speaks of having seen thirty yards of ruined walls, more than twenty-eight feet in thickness, the masonry of which is formed of roughly hewn masses of stone, not unlike that of ancient Tiryns. The report from Athens indicates that the palace within the acropolis bounded by these walls has been discovered. The clearing of the Cadmea would be of great value in supplying us with another "Mycenæan" acropolis. The undertaking, however, is made especially difficult by the fact that modern Thebes is built on that site.

Among the dealers' exhibitions of art in this city may be noted early English masters at Ehrich's till March 1; oils by Irving R. Wiles, Arthur Hoeber, Paul Cornoyer, Frank Fowler, Lyall Carr, M. Peterson, Richard Maynard, F. J. Wiley, Fred L. Stoddard, and Georgia T. Fry, at Powell's till March 1; paintings by Ernest C. Peixotto at Clausen's till March 2; recent paintings by T. W. Dewing and D. W. Tryon at Montross's till March 9.

James P. Silo conducted in this city on Friday and Saturday night an auction of 143 paintings collected by Eugène Fischhof. The highest price paid was $23,600 for Nattier's portrait of Mme. Adelaide, daughter of Louis XV.; and the next highest price, $23,050, for Corot's Don Quixote. The total amount received from the sale was $293,845. Among the more interesting prices were the following: A. Monticelli, Fête dans un Parc, $1,700; F. Thaulow, The River, $1,600; Cazin, Landscape, $3,000; Fromentin, Moorish Caravan in Camp, $8,500; Diaz, Visit to the Gypsies, $9,400; La Fée des Fleurs, $3,900; J. B. C. Corot, The Shepherds, $9,000; Italian Girl, $1,900; Landscape, $2,800; C. Troyon, The Farm, $2,600; Normandy Well, $2,300; Roybet, A Burgomaster, $1,500; Rehearsing, $1,600; Santerre, Portrait of the Marquise de Rubel, $2,600; Sir J. Reynolds, Portrait of Mrs. Hales, $6,500; T. Gainsborough, Portrait of William Petty, First Marquis of Lansdowne, $12,500; Watering the Horses, $1,800; Van Dyck, Portrait of a Lady, $4,800; Tocque, Portrait of Louise-Henriette de Bourbon-Conti, $4,450; G. Romney, Portrait of Lady Hamilton, $3,700; Grassi, Portrait of the Princess Thecle Jablonowska, $2,500; Sir P. Lely, Portrait of the Duchess of Albemarle, $1,600; Portrait of the Duchess of Rutland, $1,550; De La Tour, Portrait of the Comtesse de Montaign, $1,900; Sir T. Lawrence, Portrait of Lady Eldon, $8,600; Miss O'Brien, $1,800; Landseer, The Little Actress, $1,700; Turner, Landscape, $1,800; Romano, Virgin and Child, $1,800; Rousseau, Sunset, $2,800; Constable, Landscape, with Old Bridge in Suffolk, $2,700; J. Hoppner, Portrait of Frederick, Duke of York, $5,850; Portrait of Mrs. Angerstein, $5,800; F. Cotes, Lady Reeves and Her Children, $3,450; Sir Harvey and Lady Smith and their Son, $1,800; N. Largillière, Portrait of J. B. Oudry, $1,550; Portrait of Comtesse de Longeais, $7,400; W. A. Bourgereau, Young Girl, $3,100; F. Ziem, Constantinople, $2,650; G. Jacquet, La Romance, $2,325; E. Van Marke, Return from Pasture, $9,900; Feeding the Chickens, $2,400; J. L. E. Meissonier, L'Atteinte, $3,150; J. H. Fragonard, The Wagered Kiss, $13,500; N. Lancret, Concert Champêtre, $4,000; J. B. Greuze, Innocence, $4,700; M. W. Peters, The Fortune Teller, $3,350; R. Tournières, Portrait of the Comtesse d'Imecourt, $2,800; J. Van Ruisdael, The Cascade, $3,300; J. L. Gérôme, Street Scene in Tripoli, $4,500; Henrietta Rae, Diana and Her Nymphs, $3,600; C. Allori, The Betrothal, $1,800.

At a sale in Christie's auction rooms, London, on February 9, a drawing by Rosa Bonheur, Les Longs Rochers, Fontainebleau, brought £577. The following prices were paid for paintings: Luke Fildes, Doubts, £330; Dolly, £283; T. S. Cooper, A Group of Five Cows and Two Sheep, £346. An important collection of ancient and modern pictures was sold at Christie's last Saturday afternoon. Among the more notable pieces were the following: Cuyp, A Dutch Farm, $19,950; Lawrence, Portrait of Miss West, $21,000; Morland, Happy Cottagers, $14,700.

At a sale of old masters at the Hôtel Drouot in Paris on February 7 Romney's Portrait of a Young Lady, in white dress and blue sash, brought 41,000 francs; Rignaud's Portrait of Nicolas de Launay, 6,000.

Finance.

GOLD PRODUCTION AND RISE IN PRICES.

A correspondent writes to the *Nation* as follows:

According to all your teachings, as I understand them, there is now going on a rapid decline in the value of gold. All commodities are much higher than they ever were before, while gold is the only cheap commodity on the market. Why has your paper not touched upon this subject? Can I be so wholly mistaken in my supposition, or is it too delicate a subject for you to handle for fear of its effect upon the business interests of the country?

No subject in economics is "too delicate" to be dealt with, and even the business interests are not likely to be disturbed by stating the facts regarding a "decline in the value of gold." When we speak of a decline in the value of one or of all other commodities on the world's market—including securities, real estate, and wages—we mean that their value measured in gold has declined. What economists mean, when they speak of "depreciation" or "appreciation" of gold itself, is that the value of gold measured in commodities—in other words, the purchasing power of gold—has decreased or increased. If a given amount of gold will buy less of all sorts of commodities to-day than it did a month ago, or a year ago, or ten years ago, then it is economically correct to say that gold has depreciated.

But in the light of this reasoning, it should be manifest that the statement, Gold has depreciated, is only another way of saying that commodity prices have advanced. Therefore, so far from its being singular or paradoxical that "all commodities are much higher than they ever were before, while gold is the only cheap commodity on the market," the second phenomenon is the necessary complement and sequel to the first. If one arm of the scales rises, the other must fall. Even when commodity prices have risen through an accident of nature, through a harvest failure, through a war, through a protective tariff, or through reckless speculation on the markets, it will equally be true that gold has depreciated. A dollar will buy less than it bought before. If every commodity were to rise as a result of any or all such influences, gold would by that fact become "the only cheap commodity on the market." There is much obscure thinking, loose reasoning, and misleading definition, which needs to be swept aside before this subject can be intelligently considered.

What the writer of the above inquiry has in mind, however, is probably the question whether it is not primarily or solely the increased production of gold which has raised the price of commodities and has thereby indicated depreciation of the precious metal itself. The two phenomena have at all events been coincident. In 1896, the London *Economist's* "index number" of commodity prices was 1947; at the end of 1906, it was 2499—the highest since 1880. The world's gold output, which our Mint authorities estimated in 1896 at $202,251,000, it figured out in 1905 at $376,000,000, and, with last year's great increase in this country and in the Transvaal, production for 1906 is believed to have exceeded $400,000,000. It is commonly asserted, therefore, that this remarkable increase in annual gold production is the cause of the rise in prices. That it is at least a partial and contributing cause, is generally admitted. John Stuart Mill's declaration that "if the whole money in circulation was doubled, prices would be doubled," is frequently quoted. Mill, however, carefully qualified his statement, first by limiting its application to the quantity of

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commodities on sale and the number of times those commodities are resold; second by restricting it to "a state of things in which money—that is, gold or silver—is the exclusive instrument of exchange and actually passes from hand to hand at every purchase, credit in any of its shapes being unknown."

As a matter of fact, such qualification of the rule is peculiarly necessary nowadays, because a larger part of the world's business than ever before is done through book credits, international barter, and offsetting accounts at clearing houses. But granting, for the sake of argument, that these other influences remained the same, while the production of gold, let us say, was doubled, the question of its effect on prices is presented in its simplest form.

New gold production exerts its influence in two main ways—through the increased power enjoyed by its possessors to buy more commodities, securities, land, or what not, and through the increased credit facilities, made possible on the money market through the heaping-up of the new gold in bank reserves. Both of these effects, however, have certain limitations. Professor J. E. Cairnes, reviewing in his "Essays in Political Economy" the exact influence of the Australian discoveries of half a century ago, showed clearly how the successful miners spent the new wealth obtained by their gold discoveries, and, in so doing, created a demand which Australian markets could not meet, and for which they drew upon European manufacturers. This new demand affected one class of commodities after another, and as Europe's ready supply of goods was drained by it, prices of the commodities in question rose, not only in Australia, but in Europe. In the long run, this influence extended to many commodities in the purchase of which neither the miners nor Australia had any part whatever. Now the first and most obvious point to notice is, that conditions nowadays do not altogether square themselves with Professor Cairnes's demonstration. The richest gold-producers—notably in the Transvaal—are great corporations. They pay high dividends, but their stock is invariably inflated. The actual South African mine-worker receives wages so low that, when the Kaffirs lately proved inadequate to carry on the work, Chinese coolies were imported. The real owners of such mines are largely men who are rich already, and whose purchase of necessaries will not be increased in proportion to the new gold output. Such new buying power as is created by the increased gold production, does not therefore wholly or chiefly converge on commodities. Its beneficiaries are large buyers of securities, and to meet their enlarged demand, enormous amounts of new securities are issued, chiefly consisting of old stocks doubled or trebled by the process of "watering."

In other words, although some real effect is produced on demand and prices for commodities, through the simple fact that investors in mine shares have been thus suddenly enriched, the influence is easy to exaggerate. A much more obvious and direct result may be traced through the flow of the new gold into the vaults of banks. It does not always follow that banks will lend more freely and that business will grow more active, merely because bank reserves have increased; the largest ratio of New York bank reserves to liabilities in the country's history occurred in 1894, when industry was and continued to be completely prostrated. But granted a hopeful and speculative disposition on the part of the business community, increase of bank reserves, at an unusually rapid rate, means that credit will be easy, that money may be borrowed for all sorts of purposes, without fear of having it suddenly called back, and that, therefore, business men will embark more readily and daringly in productive enterprise. Such undertakings—successfully carried out, and helped by the new wealth available for investment in securities—result necessarily in larger demand for materials and labor, and in larger expenditure by the laborer, and by nearly all classes of society connected with the enterprises, for necessaries and luxuries. As these people spend more for clothing, cotton crops which used to be more than sufficient for the world turn out to be inadequate. As they spend more for food, the world's annual wheat crop may increase by hundreds of millions of bushels, and still there may be less left over, at the end of the twelvemonth than in former years. Meantime the increased manufacturing ventures add to the demand for metals and building materials; railways with more stuff to carry have to buy more cars and rails, and so long as demand for all these products outruns supply, prices go up.

This, within due and reasonable limitations, is the connection between increasing gold output and rising prices. The mistake commonly made lies in supposing that the one is a necessary and inevitable result of the other. In the five-year period from 1886 to 1890 inclusive, the world produced $564,474,000 gold, and, in general, those were years of trade expansion. In the next five years, ending with 1895, $814,736,000 gold was produced, yet those were years of business reaction, commercial panic, and falling prices. If supply of commodities, grown or manufactured, overtakes demand, prices will cease to rise; they may even, as in 1857, decline violently in the face of a maximum gold production, and lead the way to a period of actual depression.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alarcón's Novelas Cortas. Edited by W. F. Giese. Boston: Ginn & Co. 90 cents.
Allen, Alexander V. G. Freedom in the Church. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Beza, Theodore. A Tragedie of Abraham's Sacrifice. Translated by Arthur Golding. University of Toronto Library. $2.50.
Bronson-Howard, George. Norry, Diplomatic Agent. Akron, O.: Saalfield Publishing Co. $1.50.
Campbell, Lewis. Parolipomena Sophoclea. London: Rivingtons.
Chandler, G. H. Elements of the Infinitesimal Calculus. John Wiley & Sons.
Converted Catholic. Edited by James A. O'Connor. Vol. XXIII. James A. O'Connor.
Gallagher, Augustine. The Carrier Crisis. Columbus, O.: F. J. Heer.
Dutton, Maude Barrows. Little Stories of Germany. American Book Co.
Goethe's Iphigenie auf Tauris. Edited by Philip S. Allen. Boston: Ginn & Co. 60 cents.
Gould, George M. Biographic Clinics. Vols. V. and VI. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $1 each.
Huntington, Tuley Francis. Elementary English Composition. Macmillan Co. 50 cents net.
Kern, Alfred Allan. The Ancestry of Chaucer. Baltimore: The Lord Baltimore Press.
Lefevre, Edwin. Sampson Rock of Wall Street. Harpers. $1.50.
Letter of Advice to a Young Gentleman Leaving the University. With introduction by Frank C. Erb. $1.
London, Jack. Before Adam. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Ruhl, Arthur. A Break in Training. Outing Publishing Co. $1.25.
Scheffel's Der Trompeter von Säkkingen. Edited by Herbert C. Sanborn. Boston: Ginn & Co. 90 cents.
Stork, Theo. B. Hints Toward a Theory of Ethics. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. 75 cents.
Teller, Charlotte. The Gage. Appletons. $1.50.
Veblen, Oswald, and N. J. Lennes. Introduction to Infinitesimal Analysis. John Wiley & Sons.
Whistler: Notes and Footnotes. By A. E. G. The Collector and Art Critic Co.

Victor S. Clark's Labor Movement in Australasia

A book written in a simple untechnical and very impartial fashion, and one that is full of very valuable suggestions affecting our own labor troubles. 327 pp., $1.50 net; by mail $1.63.

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Hobhouse's Morals in Evolution

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